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T H O U G H T S

(Never Intended for the Public Eye)

WHICH MAY PROMOTE

CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE and JUSTICE.

By H. J. HANSARD, Esq.

A CHRISTIAN OF NO SECT OR PARTY:

AND

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

In Terrâ Quies.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE SOLE BENEFIT OF THE
FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

MDCCCLXXXIV.

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MAINTENANCE OF THE RECORDS

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TO
PROFESSING CHRISTIANS.

HOWEVER you may judge, I will no longer hide my talent, nor delay to lend my mite ; to let miraculous Mercy to shine. Some may possibly glorify their Father, and catch part of the mighty gifts, *Love* and *Charity*. Can I lead any to think ? No. Thy paternal rod alone can bend our stubborn pride. Here they may view its happy effects. The Young will laugh at, and throw aside such enthusiastic nonsense ; but, O my Children, the time will come, when these Truths will produce humble serene gratitude, void of Dissenting and Methodistic pride. Tho' an happy Grandfather, I am young, full of health,
able

able and willing to enjoy the wondrous blessings of existence ; but, with a steady fixed eye to *Obedience*.

The annexed genuine Thoughts and Letters tend only to promote Christian Knowledge ;

To feed the Poor ;

To keep the Sabbath ;

to fill the soul with *Love*, Justice, and Obedience ; to cure or heal every seeming evil in life. I humbly propose one Act of the Legislature for

ARTICLES of LOVE and PEACE, for the better Government of His Majesty's Subjects :

WHEREAS Man should have a just share of immense and amazing bounties, thro' the medium of Industry and Labour :

WHEREAS

WHEREAS *Jesus Christ* gave us the means thro' *His* new Commandment of divine love, to feed every hungry soul, to ease All of their heavy burthens who will go to *Him*, and pray as He taught : Be it enacted, &c. by and with the advice, &c.

1st, That *all* Children be reared Christians, taught to read and made to attend Divine Service on Sundays, in clean regular order, under their respective Teachers.

2d, That some useful employment be prepared by every Parish for those who cannot find work, at two-thirds of the usual hire of labour.

3d, That Phyfic and Surgery be provided, at the Parish expence, for every *Labourer*, who does not earn more than the accustomed prices ;
or

or that they submit to a small weekly stoppage, as in the Army.

4th, That the Aged and Infirm have a liberal allowance, in aid to what they may be enabled to do, to support them at their *own* fire-side, should they prefer it to an honourable retreat, where a few Old might like to associate; for good habits of industry cannot be idle, but may earn a comfortable sup, a pint of strong malt-liquor to warm their aged stomachs.

5th, That a Committee of Three of the Householders (who it is hoped will possess bowels of Christian mercy, yet of strict justice, that the nauseous corruptible bread of idleness may not be eat) meet once a-week, or oftener, to inspect into the conduct, and hear the complaints of all.

6th,

6th, That an Asylum for Foundlings be established in every County, so that the honourable and happy estate of Marriage may be promoted, and population encouraged.

7th, That Censors be appointed by the Bishops, with powers to fine if this Act is neglected.

Christianity can effect this, so that we may not have one Drone or Beggar in the State. *Deeds* must do it. Time from false pleasure and ambition, with such a short law, without the cruel selfish regard to *meum* and *tuum*, would do. But I refer you to various Thoughts thereon, in which there must be many tautologies. Should such a law ever pass, you would still have an ample field to enjoy the stupendous luxury of CHRIST's love. The more it is watered (thought on!), the more extensive and
shel-

sheltering the branches from every storm
and accident. This is Self-love ! O ye
Overseers of the Poor ! enjoy it in part.
I will be bold and just to attest the truth
of Christianity.

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

HUGH JOSIAH HANSARD.

LONDON,

16th Aug. 1784.

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LETTERS, &c.

TO THE
K I N G,
AS SUPREME DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

SIRE,

Dublin, Dec. 21, 1783.

WITH the most profound respect and obedience to your Majesty and the laws, I humbly beg leave to represent a *truth*! that for eighteen centuries professing Christians have denied His children bread, particularly in this your Majesty's kingdom.

It might be reserved for your Majesty's reign to obtain common justice for the Labourer and *all* their children, that they may have *enough* of immense bounties from industry,

B

by

by only one short law, obliging every parish to form into centuries (if necessary), in order to visit weekly and *see* that all their *just* wants may be supplied, particularly the rearing the children to religion and industry. Censors might be appointed to inspect, with powers to fine, in case there was one ignorant or dirty child.

Could your Majesty conceive the horrid effects of Lotteries, the many murders and ills they have occasioned, an assent could not be given by such a happy father. My zeal for Jesus Christ, to make a just use of His love, will, I humbly hope, plead some excuse for this intrusion and mode of presenting the inclosed "Humble Attempt to promote Industry and prevent Vice."

I am, with truth and zeal,

SIRE,

Your Majesty's most dutiful Subject,

HUGH JOSIAH HANSARD.

To

TO HIS GRACE the LORD ARCHBISHOP of
CANTERBURY.

MY LORD, *Gerrard-Street, 6th March, 1784.*

I AM an humble subject, full of love and peace, no proud methodist or dissenter; yet I am desirous of knowing why the Sabbath is not kept. I have applied to many of the clergy, without any satisfactory answer. Could we not keep it according to the Divine command? We might go about doing good, in imitation of Jesus, avoiding puritanical pride; but I see no shadow of obedience, except in hypocritical prayers for grace, to keep a law we break the next hour. Look into Hyde-Park. Are all those horses and servants employed on works of necessity or charity? This much concerns me, my Lord. I am an happy Christian, one of his Majesty's Justices. I do beseech your Grace will issue a Proclamation for the observance of the Sabbath.

I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To the REV. Mr. HALLINGS,
Secretary to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

REV. SIR,

Gerrard-Street, 6th March, 1784.

ON my return from Ireland lately (where the extreme misery of the Irish poor excited my labours) I read your annual publication, left at my house, which warmed my heart; yet I cannot help sighing (tho' full of sweet content) at our miraculous blindness, the injustice and disobedience of all ages and countries, who neither feed the poor, or keep the Sabbath; two short easy requisites to make real Christians: none to enforce obedience to Omnipotence by precept or example. Do the very Bishops keep the Sabbath? Look into Hyde-Park: must not servants and all our labouring Brethren (for *they* do think) laugh at religious injunctions? for a few feel the truths of Isaiah, justly stiling us hypocrites. If your Society (for it is most respectable and useful) would lay the axe to the root of evil, they would insist on example at least from the rich; for they may defend and promote Christianity with humble yet bold vigour; not mincing the
matter,

matter, yet gently leading every parish to rear all the children to religion, industry, and labour ; to recommend the observance of the Sabbath. Why ? Because our Creator, the Father of all mercies, of our Lord Jesus ! ordered us, and even assigned reasons for our observance of so loving a command. Well may wars and evils abound ; infants clinging to their famished mothers breasts ! Ought there to be such a scene in a Christian land ? Ought we to value ourselves on a partial exertion ? a partial Charity ? We should mourn in dust and ashes, scarce enjoy miraculous gifts, while we can behold a dirty ignorant child, while we see the Sabbath, or the Creator of the Sabbath, spurned at. No ! we are not so bad ; we do not think ! we know not what we do ! this harmonious Heaven has arose from such a nature. I humbly bow ; yet I do think it my duty (for I must not hide my talent, thy miraculous mercy !) to pray your Society will *cry aloud and spare not*, with Christian love, and tell us of our transgressions.

You were kind enough to write me an answer about my representation against Lotteries. Tho' a partial evil, I do think it comes very properly under the Society's cognizance as a

great impediment to Christianity, and that you might justly represent to King, Lords, and Commons (nay to get the Bishops to join you) the monstrous absurdity of authorizing by law a certain destruction to religion and morality. I respect and love all men, tho' I may be too warm in this picture.

I am, with great respect,

Reverend Sir,

Your very sincere humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To the REV. Mr. SMYTH.

Eve of Jesus Christ's earthly Death, 8th April, 1784.

REV. SIR,

I HAVE read with much pleasure His gift to the author of the small book you lent me, published in 1774, where he has forcibly painted Divine love. I have often felt with gratitude the wondrous truth. I have been led, without human aid, thro' seas of pride, to behold that all is harmony; that there is
scarce

scarce an evil in existence, as every occurrence leads man to His Kingdom; yet, Rev. Sir, we may humbly attempt to make the passage appear more smooth: first, by infusing and spreading religion, thro' Christ's love, which can be best effected by forming the tender plants, rearing *all* children to partake of blessings lent you and me. It cannot be finding fault to recommend this. Tho' you possessed Christ's love in its purity, yet you might labour without any self-approbation to open the eyes of the rich to one act of justice and common humanity. A Christian cannot feed on luxurious love alone. How might such an author have enforced the utility of schools! Wesley might have seen tens of thousands reared by his powerful rhetoric. I submit!

Permit me to observe on one point. Jesus Christ, after styling our Creator, Father, mentioning the residence, immediately teaches us to hold the name hallowed, not once mentioning it in a most comprehensive prayer; yet proud man will dare to soar in their productions, where Christ did not as man. This is the only objection I can see in the book on

love. Let us communicate. Correct me.
Give me your opinion.

I am,

Reverend Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. J. H.

My daughter copied my last, which I send
you. The printed paper you might not have
returned.

To Mrs. M. WEAL.

MADAM,

Kensington, 16th April, 1784.

I HAVE read your letter to Mrs. Middleton
with pleasure. The diversity in this life is
as clear as the miraculous distinction in our
countenances. No two can exactly think
alike. There is none good, no not one ; not
one to possess the humility and love of Christ,
as painted by St. Paul. Pride and injustice
are part of our nature. I no doubt am wrong
in objecting to one expression. You stile your
loss of a beloved child a *cruel* stroke. An un-
guarded expression ! for, if we can think with
an eye of justice and gratitude, we should be
all astonishment at the harmonious heaven we
are placed in, preparatory to an immortality ;
and

and cry out, There is no real evil in existence but disobedience, an unjust interference in ordinances happily incomprehensible, yet most harmonious and right to the humble Christian. This can only make the sweet effusions of nature more sweet; not the least unpalatable, but as obedient as Abraham, esteeming it the first of joys and riches to obey a Creator, who gave *all* to man. Hallowed be the Name. Have no will; but humbly receive and adore. Watch and pray. For what? Against pride, as we were taught; to have no will; to wait for another kingdom; for bread; to eat it with gratitude; to forgive all; to find no fault; against temptation and evil; humbly trusting in Infinite Mercy, bending to every dispensation, as for our good. We may lose our children, every delight; but surely we might *think* of obeying the Giver. No; we cannot. Eyes have we, and see not. We deny the very Giver of love, bread. Endeavour to obey, by

Keeping the Sabbath,

Feeding the Poor.

Enjoy these luxuries with gratitude.

Your sincere and affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

To

TO LAWRENCE PARSONS, Esq.

A young and able Senator in IRISH Parliament.

SIR,

Goulds-Green, 22d May, 1784.

TO give a hint to a rising young man of shining abilities, may produce good.

Connect yourself with no man. Look at the great scale of things. Think, what Justice is at large; not the vile *meum* and *tuum*, or parochial laws, which tend to destroy the rights of the Poor. Who are the Poor? Not the worthy Labourer. Attempt to gain him common justice, on your small spot of this globe. Though Christianity has been long professed there, to the shame of true love, there is an ample field for civilization. I believe your abilities alone might procure it. A FLOOD, a BURGH, could not see into the *only evil* of existence—the robbery of the many by the few.

Trade or commerce is not necessary to produce plenty. Luxuries they may, which the few blindly grapple for, neglecting, not thinking on common necessities for the many, the worthy Labourer. Will you be one of the few?

How



How can it be otherwise? Education, Custom, Example, for eighteen centuries, are against you. Yet, it is possible you may propose One Law in your senate :

That *all* the Children of the Labourer may be reared to Religion, Industry, and Cleanliness, by each parish, subject to the controul or reports from censors or visitors of each county.

Their *Religion* to consist of Christian simple LOVE; to pray only as He taught, a short prayer! in which Papist and Protestant would join.

Industry; to see the dear innocents employed as in well-regulated parish-schools. A most partial good! painting our infatuated blindness and injustice.

Cleanliness may be observed in the most hardy life, even without shoes or stockings.

This beginning would expand your mind to read the book of nature, to consider of all the just wants of man; to think on self as the most trifling particle, though happily busy in Christian Love.

Ought

Ought not the aged, who have gone through an happy existence, (in honest sober industry,) to have some weekly settled stipend to assist them in their own hovels? (not to turn them out, as we do here, like vermin! Such is the fatal produce of Luxury!) O think, Sir! It is my duty to attempt it. More riches and honour would ensue, than a PITT, a BOYLE, a BACON, or your favourite BURGH could taste.

I am with great respect, without any unjust impertinent wishes,

S I R,

Your most humble servant,

H. J. H.

To the P O O R.

8th July, 1781.

YE happy Poor! attend to your Lover. He will think for you; not advise, but humbly represent the beauty of Holiness, which you can partake of in an higher degree than the rich. Happiness is your object, the goal we all run to. Where is she? Virtue produces her; but where find Virtue? Religion
and

and Prayer will do much; *all*; though not prevent sin and evil, our birth-right, yet will remove their effects by repentance and obedience. Suffer an unknown friend, a lover, to intreat you; permit him to lead you to such joys as pass understanding. How? By the most easy means.

Resolve to attend divine service every Sunday. You will then pray, and hear wonders. Gratitude will excite you to praise and rejoice in such a God and Father. You will be astonished how plentifully He has provided for myriads; what a world of beauties you exist in! Where you are going to! how amply He has provided remedies under every exigency. He died for us. He left us LOVE; CHARITY to forgive, and bear with our offending brother. These are precious gifts, of substantial value, to be obtained by prayer. Ask, and you shall receive. The widow received the gift of charity; she gave her mite, her all. Ye are most susceptible of the impression. Go to church; seek her there. I beseech you read the Scriptures. How delightful will be your labours and recreations! You will be cheerfully grateful, smiling on your lovely children,

children, in health and cleanliness. You will envy none, but love all, and pity any unthinking rich neighbour, who may insult and tyrannize over you. This is one of many evils Man is subject to.

Your loving Friend and Brother,

H. J. H.

REV. RECTOR OR VICAR of Parish
near COLNEY, HERTS.

REV. SIR,

Sunday, 15th September, 1782.

HER ways are ways of pleasantness.

WHOSE ways?

Am I gratifying a pride, tho' I should be known? O Creator, Thou knowest. Shall I cease the attempt to do good? even to one brother? Thou canst purify my soul, and fill it with true love, though not with presumptuous joy, or any pre-eminence over my suffering brethren.

Who

Who dare receive peace? We are sore, putrifying from top to bottom. We must be probed with loving truths. Shall the murderers of Christ, they who deny him bread, cloathing, and knowledge? Let us shudder at our thoughtless hypocrisy, yet hope all in his mercy. We are men; we know not what we do.

*As much as ye do it by one of these little ones,
ye do it unto me.*

Is it not a most plain, self-evident truth? If we deny one the knowledge of Him, by not teaching *all* to read the Lord's (His) Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and to praise God with David, by *reading* his Psalms, we deny, we refuse Christ knowledge. We are so thoughtless, well may private people be so blind, and continue to wallow in all sorts of luxuries, without giving Christ a share; the honest Labourer bread, cleanliness, and religion; we are so *unjust* to God and Man. Let us humbly attempt to heal such a Disease, but not to rejoice in the luxury of seeing even a few benefited by such an attempt; at seeing the lovely innocents return thanks to their benefactors rather than God. How difficult to restrain luxurious tears! Yes, O God, Thou
hast

hast given all to man. Love and Pity for the thoughtless cormorant. Mercy too! O give the children of the honest Labourer clean bread and the knowledge of Thee! the sweet bread of Industry! Shall such a worm presume to dictate, to wish? *Thy will be done.* O thou omnipotent Governor, Thou wilt infuse such justice into our souls, when thou pleasest.

Begin with only ten; your eloquence will soon increase their number. The expence will be very trifling; not twenty pounds a-year, to clothe them uniformly, and instruct them. How many could a Governor BOURCHIER clothe and instruct, without one denial to any luxury! Their *honest* Industry would amply repay him. I would not lift one from his happy sphere, but encourage Industry.

May you be so blessed, prays

Your unknown and loving Friend,

H. J. H !

To

To the REV. Mr. MANNING.

REV. SIR,

London, 3d March, 1783.

WHAT a transporting scene was exhibited to Man yesterday ! Surely vice and our passions have produced the divine harmony. You were in the summit of human glory, painting the gifts of Omnipotence to Man, completed by love. O that you had cried out, “ Can Omnipotence give more ? My soul is
 “ full of gratitude ; and tho’ a candidate for
 “ this spot, my cup is brimful of happiness.
 “ The widow’s was, and every soul who hears
 “ me may possess it thro’ prayer. I ask for
 “ this, purely and solely to extend this cha-
 “ rity. If any Brother has it more at heart,
 “ I would be the first to promote his elec-
 “ tion.” O that you could say this, and more ! humbly acknowledging bounties received, not vaunting or seeking any other pre-eminence over Man. O that you felt as I do ! your Election would be certain, without asking one vote. Suppose your Card runs thus :

“ The Rev. Mr. M——, desirous of doing
 “ this Charity every service his abilities
 C “ will

“ will permit, humbly solicits such vast
 “ luxury. His light should shine before
 “ men, that love and charity may more
 “ abound; he therefore promises, that
 “ the whole of the salary shall be given
 “ to this First of Charities. Gratitude
 “ will be his ample reward.”

It is wonderful to think of the meanders of the human heart. Could an avaricious proud man act the hypocrite to gain his point, this would be the means. My own Brother could not expect my vote against such a disinterested, loving Candidate. A good living, nay, a bishoprick would be the sure result. How we should suspect our hearts, when virtue can be so rewarded! A constant appeal might be made to Man, as some additional guard to our prayers to our Creator. “ Watch the whole
 “ tenor of my life and conversation. You will
 “ be my best and dearest friends who first tell me
 “ of my apostacy from gratitude and justice,
 “ when you see me lose an hour, or a guinea,
 “ which should be devoted to love; should you
 “ see a discontented brow in any scene, even on
 “ the loss of my beloved wife and daughters” (a sigh will intrude, tho’ I should be all obedience!).

dience !). Can human frailty be so obedient ? O yes ! Abram was ; Stephen was ; thousands have submitted thro' faith given. Can a true Christian do less ? Can't gratitude bind this craving heart to the pales of justice ? It is possible. To suffer is our lot. Let us daily expect pains and losses, without any diminution in the enjoyment of the luxuries given. Let us throw cards aside, and feed on love. We may still associate and look on the sweet picture ; but let us give up one or two evenings a-week to relieve the afflicted, and speak peace to the trembling soul ; to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked. Let us act, my Friend. A Jew will associate to enjoy the mighty banquet ; a luxury which, if not partook of with temperance and moderation, might intoxicate, and make us forget the Donor of love. May our souls be purified from every secret pride ! May we and all be blessed, prays,

Your sincere Friend,

H. J. H.

7th March.

I BELIEVE he would take such freedom unkind and intruding. O wondrous Man !

how various are thy conceptions ! as multi-
form as the difference on each countenance.
Why should each be so proud as to unhinge
the sweet variety which produces such divine
harmony ? I humbly bow. Go on, Pride.
Let me love all, and only hope to be judged
favourably. O Gratitude, come to my aid,
and make me thro' every scene mild, gentle,
bearing with all, loving every Brother more
than Self.

To the REV. Mr. ———,

PREACHER at the FOUNDLING.

REV. SIR, *Gerrard-Street, 1st Sunday after Easter, 1783.*

YOUR picture last Sunday of Christ's re-
surrection was finely delineated ; but you
lost an happy opportunity of crying aloud and
sparing not, yet with love to thoughtless Man.

“ These are his Children ! As much as ye
“ do it unto one of those little ones, ye do it
“ unto *Me*. Whom ? Your Saviour. Can
“ we deny Him bread ? Yes ; this heavenly
“ scene proves that we do. Think, my de-
“ luded

“ luded Brethren, how many want this pro-
 “ tection ; how many more even this House
 “ would hold, if we were not so blind and
 “ thoughtless as to approve of a partial Cha-
 “ rity without compleating it, at least in this
 “ spot. Riches do abound. I dare say, my
 “ present auditors could effect it, and partake
 “ of more true luxury than any parade of
 “ table, dress, or equipage can give. We are
 “ very fore. I must cry aloud and spare not,
 “ with the love of Christ. I will endeavour
 “ to do so. We oppress the Poor ; we deny
 “ them common justice. We break the Sab-
 “ bath ; but of this another opportunity. Let
 “ us endeavour to be Christians in fact, by
 “ *deeds*. Let us pray for the mighty blessing.
 “ Let us give of our abundance, of our super-
 “ fluous fortune, to complete what was so
 “ greatly laboured for by Captain CORAM.
 “ Thousands, tens of thousands may be easily
 “ given, without diminishing aught from any
 “ one of the myriads of joys given us. They
 “ will increase and multiply as the widow’s
 “ cruse. Look at the dear innocents, with
 “ chearful clean countenances praising their
 “ Creator for their most happy lot. Yes,
 “ lovely

“ lovely babes, ye are happy ; ye want no one
 “ good thing under Heaven. Industry with re-
 “ ligion will produce you immense luxuries ;
 “ health and gratitude, the foundation of all.
 “ Let me humbly pray you to consider ; I can
 “ but point out the beautiful and just path you
 “ should walk in. You should deal bread to
 “ the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul.
 “ You should keep the Sabbath holy. This
 “ Charity, in the first instance, should increase,
 “ not decrease.”

Can you, Rev. Sir, be so explicit with those
 you solicited ? Read my thoughts to Mr. — —.
 We are all Men. We must sin on, and court
 preferment among Men. Evils must abound ;
 yet how easily could one be removed ! I sup-
 pose not, by its existing for ages ; and may
 (so blind may I be) constitute the sweet har-
 mony ; for the evils of war, intemperance, and
 injustice, produce repentance. O happy evils !
 if they so awaken us.

One comfort is, we shall *all* enter into eter-
 nity by the same door, and all have one loving
 Intercessor. I find fault with none but Self !
 I would gladly lead others to be as happy as
 myself ; but I must submit, if my own chil-
 dren

dren will not hear me, who will have their share of evils. May they be blest with justice and never-ceasing gratitude for the Heaven they breathe in. O how can we deny a Brother bread !

I am, with great respect,

Rev. Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To the REV. Mr. WILLIAM NEWTON.

REV. SIR,

Gould's-Green, 15th May, 1783.

MY sufferings have been great, happily great ! (a sigh of gratitude) tho' nothing to be compared to yours ; nor may my cure be so complete. You will assist to perfect it ; tho' I scarcely dare to soar so high. Read a few of my Thoughts. Judge with love. You cannot do otherwise. Think of my vain arrogance in 1780, advising, yet happily left to wallow in my pride, and to court Man. I cannot recount the mercies received, or the

manner. O miraculous wisdom ! O weak Man, to attempt to fathom it ! Who would not be a Joseph, a Job, a David ? I would gladly go thro' ten times your sorrows, with the leading great arm to such a port. But how many sink before they arrive ! Shall the few who do arrive dare to assume an atom of merit over the most thoughtless and blind ? Shall we dare to assign them any torments ? Forbid it, modesty ; forbid it, justice. Thro' Christ *all* will be saved. Argue with me, in sober love, not to know more, but to adore and obey more ; to strew his love more ; to beg, to intreat, to lead by our example our Brethren to obey Omnipotence ; to feed on love ; to have no will. We are the children of sin, brothers of Cain, led to an happy repentance thro' Christ. Let us rejoice with humble fear, praying, looking to the First Cause, happy in performing the part allotted. Let us cry aloud and spare not, with humble love and gratitude. Let us tell our Brethren they must *act* ; which will be a good test, tho' not a true one, of faith, love and gratitude ; that they must give of their abundance to the rising generation particularly, who by a religious edu-

education and good habits may avoid the storms you endured ; for tho' they were happy to you, I shudder at any Brother's going thro' the horrid tyranny exercised on you. Was the Captain alive, how he would shudder at his discipline ! Why not forgive seventy times seven ? Tender, loving remonstrances in his cabin alone, on his knees begging you to think, might possibly have produced the man you now are. We know not what we do. Let us pray, and forgive, as our Creator taught. O Infinite Mercy ! Let us obey, humbly receive, and not presume to dive into incomprehensibles : happy for proud Man they are so. What a miracle, that the proudest, the most knowing and seeming strong minds, such as VOLTAIRE, SWIFT, ROUSSEAU, &c. should not see or comprehend the most plain and palpable truths ! Pride blinds their reason. I dare say you could now read a SHAFTESBURY, praying, not relying on your own strength ! A few simple questions might stagger the greatest He ; but Man will not hear with temper ; he will not consider. I see only one great evil under the Sun, which I humbly bow to ; the
happy

happy Labourer not having a just share, and *enough* of immense bounties.

This appears a greater crime than any you had in agitation. Does this idea proceed from pride? a singularity of opinion? or love? I will fear, pride. Our souls cannot be pure. *There is none that doeth good, no not one.* Let us acknowledge our nature, and be thankful for the divine palliatives; but let us take care of approving any one action. Souls in communion may assist to guard against temptation; as such I humbly court you, while the Sun shines, while life permits.

I beg leave humbly to observe on one expression of yours in regard to riches, That you would not, for all the East could produce, go thro' the torments you endured. They were exceeding great! But, Rev. Sir, are riches a blessing to a state, or individuals? I look upon them, the very reverse, as the greatest curse and temptation we can encounter; that they are useless for bread or comforts. *Tho' length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour, they must consist in divine grace, love, and charity.* Can a temperate man devour more than enough?
What

What good can riches procure him? Could he study the good of man more effectually by them? A few, a very few might be relieved; but universal benevolence spreads abroad to *all*. Be candid, be free with me, probe me to the quick. I cannot agree with you in your approbation of British Liberty, and our Constitution. It may be the best; but where so much barefaced vice is permitted; such a profanation of the Sabbath; such a debt (from a wise Legislature), when we are desired to owe no man any thing but love; such laws to promote gaming, by Lotteries, the ruin of thousands and bane to industry; such poor laws as give tyrannic power to a few thoughtless rich, to act nearly as bad a part as your Black Mistress did (see two instances in my Letter to Sir HUGH WILLIAMS);—if such laws produce riches, luxury, and power, I see no blessing arising to the greatest Empire, if the Many are not to be humanely protected in a decent orderly attendance on the Sabbath. Can this be, and news-papers printed and dispersed; oxen and sheep drove; waggons and stage-coaches for *business* going? not recreation, for it would be cruelty immense

mense to prevent the labouring citizen from
 seeing trees and beautiful nature one day in
 seven. Can justice or humanity approve of
 such a Constitution? such Law-givers? I re-
 vere my superiors, and order. I will defend
 the laws as a Justice intrusted with some
 power. But should not the Clergy cry aloud
 and spare not? Should not the Bench address
 the Throne and Parliament against Lotteries?
 to have the Sabbath observed, at least with
 more decency? The truth should be told, if
 religion is of any use to a State. Can a
 Christian doubt it? Am I a vile meddler in po-
 litics? a proud upstart, seeking applause? I
 may! but I humbly hope not; and that these
 Thoughts are produced by love and gratitude.
 The man who would thank or praise me I
 should esteem blind, totally unacquainted with
 his nature. Have you any merit? An artist
 may: a Christian can have none. St. Paul
 disclaimed any, tho' he laboured much. O
Omnipotence! Father of All! *Hallowed be thy*
Name: Thy Kingdom come. Protect me in this
 from pride, from any will, till my happy call
 from hence. O my child, you may soon
 join your Mother. Tho' many delights reign
 here,

here, they are not to be compared to those in eternity. Let us

“ Hope humbly, then, with trembling pi-
“ nions soar,

“ Wait the great Teacher, Death, and—
“ . . . adore.”

Shall I hide my talents, lest I be thought proud by Man? Shall I deny mercies? Lead me, instruct me, advise me; I have much to hope from such a Christian. What shall I wish you? Health to adore with more purity. Are we not more pure on a sick-bed? More humble we must be. 'Tis true, our proud hearts must be conquered. Let us watch and pray till then, resigning every will to our miraculous Author.

I am,

REV. SIR,

Your admiring Friend,
And obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

Born 1st September, 1735: preserved in 1738, on St. Peter's Day, when my poor Mother nearly lost her senses, by my falling from her side out of a window two stories high: and ever since thro' great storms!

To

To — F O R D, Esq.
TREASURER of ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL, DUBLIN.

S I R,

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1783.

I AM so unjust as to have a partial preference to this Parish. Do *you* recommend the institution of small Schools, for industry and reading only (no diet or clothing, which may be left to their happy parents), where every child, from six to ten, of the worthy Labourer may go and attend each Master and Mistress on Sunday to Divine Service in clean order. I believe four Schools (two or three Roman Catholics, according to their numbers, tho' under Protestant Governors), at 20l. a-year each, would produce this justice. This would be universal Christian love, and shew them we might be Brethren, on this broad just basis.

A Friend to Man,

No proud Methodist,

But an happy

C H R I S T I A N.

☞ It is possible you may guess my name. It can be of no moment. Look at home. Judge not, condemn not, forgive *all*. I am a sinner, impiously covetous of bread and liberty from Man.

To

TO the REV. DOCTOR LELAND.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, 7th December, 1783.

WILL you answer a Christian? I conjure you as a Pastor to give me some reply. I am anxious to spread His love; to make a just use of the talent lent me, with all humility, not judging or finding fault. Did He not come to fulfil, to add to, not abolish the Law?

Were the Ten short explicit Commands given to the Israelites only?

One would think so, by their having no defender, though constantly repeated. I am sensible, as sinners, we cannot obey them. O happy door to repentance! But can we have any excuse for our blindness, in wilfully breaking one, where we cannot even plead our passions as any extenuation? I mean the Fourth, to which I will only advert at present.

I believe in God; (hallowed be His name) in Christ; in the Holy Ghost; in *all* the miracles wrought for man; in an eternity; in a resurrection. Can I see His commands (one
the

the most easy to be obeyed) wantonly spurned at? O yes! I cannot extenuate it, without seeking some reason from a learned old Pastor. Could not servants and horses rest? Ninety-nine of an hundred might, without impeding one act of necessity or divine humanity. Answer me, or cry aloud and spare not, with Christian love. You may probe us, bring us to the test with Isaiah, and lead us to Christ. Surely we can give up one day in seven from politicks, earthly wisdom, luxuries of the table, and idle compliments, to bask in the luxurious sun-shine of love and good-humour. We ought to do so. Why? We were so commanded. Do we believe this? Do we think of it? Eyes have we and see not. Do *you* make our ears to hear. Impress a loving Creator, an Heavenly Father, who placed us in an Heaven preparatory to a better, subject only to Ten short Injunctions, and to repentance. O infinite bounty on poor man! Attempt to spread His gifts. Tell me candidly, ought I to be so singular, or so humble, as to enjoy them alone, and see profanation around me? I dare announce my name; to let the Light (lent me) so shine before men, that they may
be

be so blest; though for thirty (of near fifty) years I have walked in darkness.

Infinite mercy has been shewn me. O why to me! Receive with humility, adore, and love all. Should I awaken any from their lethargic sleep? Surely we may be told of our transgressions.

I must ask again, Why is the Fourth Commandment so universally broke through? and why we have none to tell us we are so impious?

I am, with great respect,

Reverend Sir,

Your very affectionate

And most obedient humble servant,

H. J. H.

No canting Methodist, no Dissenter, but an happy Christian.

D

To

TO his GRACE the LORD ARCHBISHOP
of CANTERBURY.

MY LORD,

Dublin, 28th Dec. 1783.

HOPING that pride does not produce this Address, nor the presumption of finding fault, but love, justice, and gratitude; I will not further apologize for this humble attempt to do good. For eighteen centuries we have been unjust, hypocritical, pleased at partial Charities; for so long as we suffer one Child to want bread, cloathing, and a knowlege of their Creator, we may be said to murder Christ again, to deny Him a just share of immense bounties. Think, my Lord; represent to your Sovereign this evil, so easy to be removed. If Your Grace cannot obtain an Act of Parliament for this *just* purpose, write circular letters to every parish, recommending that *all* Children may be reared to religion and industry. Your Grace may further prevent vice and idleness, by representing the horrid evils of Lotteries; the many murders they have produced, and innumerable ills. Should
such

such a temptation be laid in the way of poor weak Man ?

I humbly bow with a sacred awe and submission at the past, present, and to come; adoring the Author of the Heaven I am placed in; believing in immortality, and all the miracles wrought for Man; submitting to the greater miracle, that Man can deny Man bread; that he can break the Fourth Command, so lovingly enjoined, so easily to be obeyed; wantonly spurned at the very days we approach His table, as if we had no faith. O most horrible ! It is true, we are the children of Sin, must sin, and can happily repent; but there is such a seeming obstinate blindness in disregarding so explicit a command; most unaccountable to me ! well may evils abound. Indeed, I don't know one in existence that we don't richly deserve. Not one to cry aloud and spare not; to tell us with Isaiah of our transgressions; to point out the just sacrifices required of us ;

To feed the Hungry,

To keep the Sabbath.

Do not servants work for the *rich* on Sundays ? their cattle employed ? politicks discussed on, and frivolous business attended to ?

These cannot be pleaded as acts of necessity. I don't know of any age or man, not even a Primate BOULTER, who told us of our impiety, our injustice, our hypocrisy; who dared to paint horrid truths. Am I proud? Can I be proud of any thing but Thy mercy and *love*? I will, I must use my talent with humble love and zeal. His light shall shine. I will attempt to rouse Men from their lethargy; though wars, earthquakes, fires, political and religious rancour have not humbled us and produced love. Can I hope then to do good? I may humbly give my mite, adoring and obeying, even should thousands of Children die for want in the midst of plenty. This would still be an Heaven, the happy door to a better.

I pray Your Grace will issue frequent mandates to your Clergy.

I am, with profound respect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most dutiful

And humble Servant,

H. J. H.

No proud Methodist, no Dissenter, but an happy
Christian who loves all.

To

To the SECRETARY of the CONGRESS
of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA.

SIR,

Dublin, 5th Day of 1784.

TROUBLES, a most happy disappointment to turbulent ambition, have given me faith, hope, and charity; a love for all; so obedient as to have no will. O divine peace and freedom! without any desire to lessen the happy evils of existence, yet, I believe it my humble duty to represent the injustice of Man to Man for eighteen centuries, tho' they profess themselves Christians.

It is possible two Laws might be established in your new State.

1st, To rear *all* the Children of the happy Labourer to a knowledge of their Creator, and industry.

2d, To keep the Sabbath; a commandment full of divine love to Man, easy to be obeyed.

To feed the Poor, to give them a just share of immense bounty, and to keep his Sabbath, are

not difficult injunctions ; yet, O miraculous !
we have done neither. I humbly bow. I dare
not wish to remove any evil. There is none
in this Heaven, if we will obey.

Should you attend to this hint, you cannot
be so unjust as to permit public Lotteries, or
Gaming ; temptations which frail Man cannot
combat.

I am, with great respect,

Without wishes or care, tho' a Grandfather,

S I R,

Your most humble and affectionate Brother,

H. J. H.

A Justice of the Peace for the County of Middle-
sex ; no Methodist ; no proud Dissenter ; but
an humble and happy Christian.

To

TO the REV. PREACHER at the
FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

REV. SIR,

Sunday Evening, 22d Feb. 1784.

THAT I have admired your doctrine on the Conversion of St. Paul, on the Love and Forgiveness of the Adulterers, and on many occasions, is most true ; but I mean no compliment, or adulation ; for were you a St. Paul, I could not attribute any merit to you. It may be dangerous for men to speak good of us, for praise is as poisonous as riches. Did not David mean, that rich men will speak good of those who do well unto themselves by getting rich ? For he says in the following verse, *They shall never see light* ; alluding to the almost impossibility for a rich man to possess true Charity, as painted by St. Paul in this day's Epistle. Such is our nature ; a nature clearly pointed out by Jesus Christ, and by our actions for eighteen centuries. Have we fed *all* the Poor ? Have we kept the Sabbath ? Do we even attempt it ? Not one to cry aloud and spare not ; to tell us of our transgressions, with love ?

D 4

Don't

Don't we see thousands of coaches, cattle, and servants employed on the Sabbath? not on acts of love or necessity. Do I judge? Do I find fault? I dare not be so presumptuous; yet I may declare truths; seek some reason for such miraculous wanton disobedience; praying that the Poor may be defended, that the Sabbath may be observed. Am I a meddler in business that don't concern me? A Justice may with humble love seek to do good. A Christian void of superstition, no dissenter from the Established Church, who has received miraculous mercies, cannot in justice or gratitude tamely look on, and see a most easy explicit Command, full of love, most thoughtlessly violated, without seeking some reason. Preach on the subject; you possess abilities equal to any of the Divine Injunctions. The Rich may be treated with respect, nay with more love than the Poor, being subject to more temptations; but, immutable laws should be defended. Isaiah's true prophecy might be quoted. It was on a general public fast; but no further attention paid to it than for the day, acting the hypocrite, or the infidel. Am I too severe? Do I want to disturb the repose

repose of mortal? Can I hope to do good? It must be partial indeed, like the **FOUNDLING**; an heavenly scene, which strongly paints our injustice; a scene that would distress me beyond measure, was not an awful obedience given me, to submit and adore under every scene. It is not in human power to add to my happiness. Shall I not feed on His love, and distribute? I must; I will. I dare not hide the wondrous talent. I may be protected from pride, or even singularity.

Surely your abilities might plead for a fund to *fill* the buildings with Children. An application from house to house would produce large contributions. What a miracle! that *all* the Children of the Labourer have not been so reared! This would have been an Heaven indeed. I dare not have wishes for self or family, or I might offer some useless ones for you; being with true affection, and great respect,

REVEREND SIR,

Your very sincere and

Obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To

To ——— WHATLEY, Esq.

TREASURER TO THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

SIR,

Kensington, March 16, 1784.

HOWEVER corrupt the fountain may be, or however I may be judged of, I cannot forbear my zealous endeavours to promote an heavenly scene, though too luxurious for sinful Man, while thousands want such justice.

Is it not amazing that this flame did not spread to some of the rich distant Counties? The more Children that were voluntarily sent, the richer, the happier would the State be. This is a self-evident case. The Governors here might branch it out, like the Charter-Schools in Ireland. Subscriptions would increase and multiply from every County benefited thereby. The Poor-rates would be manifestly lowered, if *all* the Children of the Labourer were so reared; at least till ten or twelve years old, when such Parents as chose their Children to assist them in their own happy sphere as peasants, might have them.

You have many able well-inclined Governors, who might form themselves into a corresponding

ponding Society, and digest some plan that might be adopted (in time!) to take all who offered, from birth to eight years old. Would this discourage marriage, or industry? I believe not; but it requires mature discussion. Love, honourable Love, would still possess the young; the fear of a large family would not terrify them, when they saw a respectable, just asylum and assistance, not a charitable one. Oh! how can the Rich presume on such superiority! But, rather than they should want a just share of immense bounty from industry, such weak folly might be submitted to; and I believe they would gladly receive the benefit under any shape or terms.

Try, good Sir, endeavour to expand and spread so laudable an institution, at least to great cities; Bristol, Liverpoole, Chester, York, &c. or extend your own, and branch therefrom small Schools of Industry.

I am, with great respect,

S I R,

Your most humble servant,

H. J. H.

To

To the Rt. Rev. the LORD BISHOP of —.

MY LORD,

Gerrard-Street, 21st March, 1784.

THAT I am placed in an Heaven is most true. That *all* has been given, is as true. The more I think, the more abundant is the bounty ; the more impossible to find another want. Gratitude must increase as we consider. Was I to live an age, even in pain, I could not cease adoring our bounteous Author. Have I a wish ? Scarcely one. What ! Not for innocent babes ? O yes ! I will feed on Thy love. I will implore your Lordship (what I see already granted), your influence to increase and spread this Institution. A Charity I cannot stile it ; it is *justice* due to every Child of Man. If the Bench of Bishops would represent to the King the usefulness, the necessity of a similar Institution in every County at least, I firmly believe His Majesty would have it put in execution. But a circular letter to the Clergy might possibly effect this justice.

I should hide a miraculous talent, was I
to

to suppress any idea that might rear Children
to Christianity.

I am, with great respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

H. J. H.

☞ I will submit my Letter to Mr. WHATLEY
the Treasurer to your perusal.

To the REV. DR. F O R D,

AT MELTON-MOWBRAY, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Gould's-Green House, Middlesex, 24th May, 1784.

REV. SIR,

I READ lately, with much delight, your
Sermon on Charity in a time of scarcity ;
a good and earnest production of love. Tho'
it is a true picture of our degenerate state,
there are thousands of most beautiful scenes
pro-

produced from this degeneracy. By sin came repentance, love, and a resurrection; a life immortal! Who would wish to remove one of the happy evils of existence, the cause of divine harmony, must feed his pride; it being scarcely possible to eradicate it, and receive His love pure, possessing charity as painted by St. Paul. Yet, O happy Man! the approaches to Love, the attempt to behold her transcendent beauty with humble awe and gratitude, is divine luxury. On this just ground, without finding fault, we may endeavour

*To feed the Poor,
To keep the Sabbath,*

and lead a few to such justice; tho' every occurrence on this beautiful spot is a mere nothing compared to the length and joys of immortality. Ye Poor! you will then have an equal share at least of heavenly blessings. Indeed, could you but know it, you now possess more than the Rich; tho' by their blind and impious laws they turn you out from your peaceful homes. O what avarice! useless avarice! I humbly bow. But I ought not to share with the Rich. I must plead your cause,

cause, and feed on Christ's love. Tell me, Rev. Sir, would it be a difficult task (for your parish suppose) to rear *all* the Children of the Labourer to read, to attend divine worship cleanly and uniformly clad, to be early inured to industry before they can be of use to their parents? in which great care should be taken not to raise them out of their happy rank, a too common case in rich cities; for true happiness is annexed to every rank; more so to the Labourer, if in times of scarcity, want of work, when sick or sore, they were supplied at home by the liberal hand of Love, Christ's love! not charity; for such justice cannot be charity. What an ample field has Charity to range in, if Henry the Fourth's wish was gratified! We must be sick, we must have losses, sin, and irregular passions to endure, where the healing hand of Charity will lull the troubled and faint soul to rest. O transcendent bounty to Man! Is not this an Heaven? Surely it is, with health and enough. Can we deny enough to the Man in health? We do! Can a Man with six children or more give them enough by every exertion of honest labour? I have known such turned out from their long-enjoyed

enjoyed home; so blind, so thoughtless are we! Assist them, rear their Children; establish schools in different parts of your parish, find some work for them; knitting, spinning, net-making, &c. Your humane Lord could accomplish this good alone.

I propose paying you a visit; in the mean time I shall be glad to hear from you under cover, as inclosed.

I am, with great respect,

REV. SIR,

Your affectionate Brother,

(As a Christian)

And obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

An Esquire by worldly rank; an Infant
before Christ.

To

TO MR. RICCARD.

SIR, *Gould's-Green House, Sunday, 6th June, 1784.*

I THANK you for your Letter.

I don't mean to do my own ways, to find my own pleasure, or speak my own words, on this holy day; but to acknowledge amazing bounties to every Son of Adam; at least to every Christian. O what an Heaven are we placed in! *I find fault with Man! I renounce the world! I was blind and deaf till lately. You mistake me quite. I love all so dearly, that I can laugh with those that laugh, mourn with those who mourn, and be truly hospitable to all. One only intercourse I do wish to avoid (a crime I hope may be forgiven by Man); that of money; particularly that of owing Man a guinea; tho' thro' this seeming evil the choicest blessings have been given me, so very blind and proud is Man in his vain attempts to unhinge the mighty harmony. Can I have a will, a wish hereafter? I may be so weak! I submit. Mercy is infinite!*

E

Is

Is it a crime humbly to endeavour to feed the Poor? to declare the bounties of Omnipotence to Man? I must plead guilty. I must so offend, should I not find one to pity such blind zeal. I cannot feed alone. I will not find fault with mortal; yet I may recommend that there may not be

An helpless Infant clinging to its famished Mother's breast.

That ALL the Children of the Labourer may be reared to Christianity.

Is this pride? Is this deviating from my line of duty? Is this interfering with the concerns of others? Cannot I be doubly diligent for my family? I would humbly attempt to defend myself to Man, and prove we may be earthly and heavenly, without serving two masters; for I don't feel the least tinge of Methodism or enthusiasm, but pure

Faith, Hope, and Charity,

in my soul; a pleasing obedience and humble gratitude to the Author of such wondrous gifts.

Will

Will you read me with candour? Perhaps you would establish Schools in your parish in Devonshire. Rescue the Labourer from parish-tyranny and want. Yes! several died for want this last winter. I saw most famished objects from Gloucestershire. Have we not enough? O blind Parliament, if we have any local scarcity! Commerce would soon load the land with the superabundance of other climes, to be eat by industry; for some employment ought to be found, where any manufacture had a temporary fall.

I have thought and wrote much on this subject, to which I will refer you. In reading me you will find I despise philosophy, tho' I admire the powers lent to a VOLTAIRE, a BACON, a BOLINGBROKE, &c. For such wondrous variety I cannot be grateful enough.

Your affectionate Friend,

And most humble Servant;

H. J. H.

To the REV. PREACHER at the
FOUNDLING.

REV. SIR,

Sunday Evening, 14th March, 1784.

I WAS in hopes you would have proceeded this day to explain and shew what Our Creator desired in the second instance, to prove our sincerity in fasting ;

To keep the Sabbath ;

not doing our own ways, finding our own pleasure, or speaking our own words.

: Is the disease incurable ? Must this transgression be hid ? Was this law given to the Jews only ? I beseech you give me some answer ; or preach on the subject. You most ably, without sparing the Rich, painted what was justly required of us in the first instance ; —that we feed the Poor ; that we hide not ourselves from our own flesh. How very expressive this ! But, good Sir, is not parental attention carried too far ? Are we not too avaricious, too covetous for our children ? Where should our industry for Self stop ? I humbly think

think you called our attention too far here, without explaining the quantum.

Suppose a Christian, from industry in the course of ten or fifteen years, has, from a small beginning, acquired 5000*l.* paying his tythes and temporal charities in that time ; a sum much beyond his early hopes ; I beg to know, Might ~~not~~ ~~this man~~ be thoroughly content for self and family ? Might he not, ought he not then to devote the most of his time to the Poor ? This ~~could not be stiled~~ a sacrifice of gratitude ; for it would be a continual feast ! an immense luxury ! deserving no thanks from Man. Such industry would be just and pleasant. What amazing gifts to sinful, disobedient Man ! How finely you could paint this idea ! I look upon the FOUNDLING as a divine, heavenly scene, well conducted. But, Rev. Sir, should there ~~not~~ be one at least in every County ? Why not rear every Child (that would be voluntarily offered) thus ? What vast riches it would bring to the State ! What decency ! what justice ! If the Sabbath was then observed, O how happy would a people be ! Attempt it, recommend it, and pray for humble gratitude under the luxurious task ;

avoiding the praise and thanks of Man as a dangerous, poisonous balm.

I am, with great respect,

REV. SIR,

Your great Admirer,

And obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

I have been long blest with the thought of increasing the benefits of the FOUNDLING.

I submit the inclosed to your perusal, which you will please to return me.

To the REV. MR. SMITH.

Montpelier-House, Kensington, 29th March, 1784.

REV. SIR,

I HAVE wrote strongly about CHARLES LANGFRY, which, I think, will get him a long furlough at least.

This

This day thirteen years go, being enveloped in darkness, I thought I lost an amiable Wife, whose memory, as my first love in 1755, and wondrous attachment to me (a frail undeserving Husband!) I call to mind with gratitude. O the blessing! my wondrous preservation since! She is not lost. I shall see her; her child too: Our Saviour also! Can I think thereon, in the midst of earthly business? not cares, for I have none; no, not one wish. I cannot be so impious as to interfere in the harmonious, mysterious government. All is right: We may love every sinful brother. We may feed on His love, without finding fault; without feeling the least pre-eminence over the worst; without gratifying our natural pride. We may cry aloud and spare not, by humbly asking, Why,

We never fed ALL the Poor?

We never kept the Sabbath?

by humbly reminding sinful Man, that we ought to be so just; that we might be so obedient!

On this day I cannot well pay the soul of my Love greater attention, than by dedicating it to love—to her Saviour !

Is it not wonderful that these two plain simple duties are not enforced, or even recommended from the pulpit ? This would make us Christians, and unite all in love. Actions would produce faith. If we can be easy, feeding luxuriously, or heap up useless trash, while there is *one* hungry dirty Child, our faith, I fear, is vain or hypocritical pride ; an unjust self-satisfaction. But we know not what we do, tho' Isaiah has plainly pointed it out :

1st, To let the Oppressed go free.

To deal thy bread to the Hungry.

To satisfy the afflicted Soul.

2d, To keep the Sabbath holy.

I know that actions from such sinners can have no weight ; but they should follow faith in His mercy. If we would consult justice and gratitude, we should find it no difficult matter to sell *all*, and give to the Poor, to follow him truly. By *all* must be meant every superfluity beyond neat simplicity and convenience in our respective stations. Should we not then have enough to rear *all*

the

the Children of the Labourer to industry and religion, without stiling such *common natural justice*, charity? O weak Man, where will our pride lead us! Wars, earthquakes, devastations, happy deaths of every kind, will not awaken us to perform two duties; to enjoy two most luxurious delights. How very blind we are! Shall we not attempt such justice? such a scene of love and peace? The Quakers partly enjoy it, quietly waiting, not suffering a proud zeal to disturb the blind slumbers of others; wisely thinking, that the Creator, Governor of all, will awaken us to love in due season. *Thy Will be done.* This just obedience may make us all things to all men; yet humbly and gratefully receiving His new commandment, of loving all. Surely I should not hide the wondrous talent lent me! I will fear pride, yet humbly trust in Divine Mercy. I will proceed.

Surely you might enforce these two duties on your flock, deferring, at least, mysterious wonders for private meditations, till you saw them act; till you saw every Child attend your discourses, and taught to read. What is one School? A mere shadow of justice. There might

might be one in the vicinity of every twenty poor families. Labourers of ten and twelve shillings a-week should have their souls informed, and their bodies supplied with every physical aid, without an atom from their sweet earnings. Such useful Brethren should be protected and encouraged in their industry. It cannot be a difficult task to have *all* their Children from eight to ten taught to read. Inculcate this duty, this justice, on your auditors. Tell them, this must be the stamp of their faith.

• Partial charities of this kind (tho' I would even feed them) are strong satires on our depravity. This, charity! What a deception! What a picture has St. Paul given us of it: *Envieth none; vaunteth not itself; beareth all things; endureth all things; forgiveth all."* Shew them this true and wondrous picture. They will covet such immense riches, such a long life; for they who possess love have found all; every blessing under Heaven; and, O divine happiness! All may feed on the delicious banquet. The Widow did. Every soul may receive the impresson. Endeavour to stamp it on your numerous auditors. This will make them obedient, grateful Christians, singing eternal

eternal praises. They would be good peaceful citizens. No riots could happen on proud zealous tenets, but all be true Christians on the broad, firm, and solid basis of His love. To rear their Children in good habits, should be the foundation-stone of an happy and general reformation, more efficacious than any revolution that ever happened. You may do it in part. Go from house to house of your poor auditors ; take alphabetical and numerical lists of them, with an account of the number of children, ages, earnings, health, &c.; a few columns would soon shew the whole at one view. Your fellow-labourers would assist you. It is no Herculean or Utopian labour; but the pleasing duty of a good Pastor. Had Messrs. WESLEY, WHITFIELD, and other zealous Preachers of Christianity laboured to make us *act*, Faith would have sprung up in a ten-fold degree. Heads of families would gladly let miraculous mercy to shine, by giving a just account of their talents ; and when they saw their surrounding Brethren partake of a just share of immense bounties, they might enjoy with temperance every luxurious scene and gift—generous Nectar !—representations of wondrous
Man,

Man, Music, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, and all the Arts and Sciences thro' which the incomprehensible *I AM* is best adored and obeyed. Wisdom and Reason would then bow, and own that Infinite Power can produce mysteries and miraculous events. They have been : They now are. But let us not soar too high. Let us humbly wait the great Teacher, Death. Let us joyfully receive, and temperately enjoy, first attempting justice ; to *act*, by distributing. Let this be the true test of our faith. We should then obey, keep the Sabbath holy, and humbly wait for a resurrection ; believing and seeing into the Divine Power as clearly as our present existence. What an Heaven do we now inhabit ! Heart could not conceive such a miraculous creation, so wondrous an Empire, so full of harmony and delights. What !

An helpless Babe clinging to its famished Mother's Breast !

Ought this to be ? Certainly. But, this can be no excuse, if I neglected to paint this only seeming evil in existence, and to remedy it as far as my talents will permit. Tho'
we

we were taught by divine authority to pray against evil, not to be led into temptation, we might consider what is evil ; when we must view such a vast immense power, such a good Father ! as to know that no evil could proceed from Immensity ; and that the only evil is disobedience, having a proud will. Can I conceive an evil ? not pain ! loss of friend, wife, and children ! No. Tho' treasures of immense price to be treasured, they vanish at the Donor's will. They are look'd for in eternity. My POLLY may, no doubt does ; What ?—possibly hover round me : her blessed spirit may pray for me. She forgives all her sufferings thro' my blind impetuous passions. She may see a prodigal. O immense bounty ! All, all has been given thro' Jesus Christ ! Enjoy all, then. Yes, such power may be given me: *Faith, Hope, and Charity*. Can there be an evil with the possession of these ? An hope ! a certainty of life everlasting. The Giver of love, who convinced proud Men they were not without sin, forgiving the adulterers, can give us His Father's Kingdom :

This Night thou shalt be with me in Paradise.

Is death an evil? Can pain, the door to death, and such a Paradise be an evil? No, Nature must suffer. Such a Paradise cannot be gained without. I shall join you, my POLLY; my dear POLSHEEN! O the joys that were lent us, even in our blind state! Our dear prattlers! One has joined you. We shall meet. Is this an enthusiastic reverie? Every Christian must say, No; but the result of truth and soberness; of a divine gift! to all who will ask, who will resign their pride and wisdom.

I have no wishes, no desires; I only hunger and thirst after righteousness; a kingdom to come; or I might wish you health and long life; bread and industry, &c. &c. to *Children*.

I am, with great respect,

REV. SIR,

Your sincere and affectionate humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To

TO MR. EDMUND PYTTS MIDDLETON.

Gould's-Green, Monday Nine o'Clock, 8th Day of 1781.

MY DEAR PYTTS,

LIKE a May morning the Heavens appear.
How much more delightful to contemplate, with David, on God, His works, Man, and the innumerable beauties about us, rather than vying with Man in his pleasures and vanities! We may enjoy and be grateful for the good things of this life, provided we can pay for them; and without coveting too much, or envying others.

We received your Letter of the 27th of August, the of December, which gave us much satisfaction. It was sensible, well-wrote, and moderate. Young minds are in love with virtue, when painted in a clear nervous stile; but the world, and an over-eager desire to please Man, soon gets the better. For this we forsake God, relying more on our wisdom and foresight than on Him. He often suffers their plans to succeed; but with what minds! He leads them into temptation, because they do
not

not pray. They may repeat the Lord's Prayer, without thinking of the Framer of it, or what they pray for. Riches is their idol. They don't pray for justice, charity, to be temperate and loving to all. 'Till we are assured that God is the sole Author and Governor of all; that He raiseth up and casteth down; we cannot rely on Him, and be diffident of our own judgment and merit. How modest, how highly becoming in all, particularly the young, to deliver themselves on every public or private discussion thus: "It appears to me, for such and such reasons; I may be mistaken; and shall be glad to hear all that can be said on the subject." Never to be positive, or loud; as, *I am certain; I cannot believe it; Such a thing could not happen, &c.* Be modest; rail at none; pity the misguided, even the vicious proud soul; he is useful in the scale of things, and would not be so far removed from love and charity, had such an education been his lot, or had adversity opened his eyes. Many excuses may be framed for our unthinking Brethren. The severest censurers are those who value themselves most. Contend not with Man. Endeavour to please God, by loving Man,
His

His work ; and say with Christ, when any injure you, *They know not what they do*. Forgive them, of course, as you would excuse, nay pity, a blind man, who stumbled in a rugged road. Consider, and you must love all, from sentiments of reason, as well as duty ; for Christ commanded us to love our enemies. What a pleasing command ! It is balm to the soul. Permit me to propose a few lessons for your good government in your pursuit after riches ; to which end you went so far from home.

1st, Pray to God, by whom you live, move, and have your being. He will give to those who ask. Seek, and you shall find. Attend public worship on Sunday ; and (if possible, without being particular) have no intercourse with Men or business on that day. Read, think, write, walk, or ride, alone, unless you should be blessed with a friend or companion who can divest himself of this world's cares and concerns. One day in seven we are commanded to do so ; but, Oh ! who considers Thy com-

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mands ?

mands? tho' we repeat them like magpies. Give me (your mother too) two hours only in a week. Think with an old man, who can rejoice and sing in the midst of danger; for my trust is in God, and delight in obeying Him under any chastisement.

2d, Run in debt with no Man, except as a merchant, to whom you can make a just return; for I am sensible trade could never flourish without confidence. As to dress, furniture, equipage, &c. never covet them, and by no means possess them, till you can pay for them. As to the first, cleanliness is great luxury and true elegance. As an Ambassador, or one in his suite, some pomposity may be useful, as the ignorant and uninformed are caught by glare. Run not too fast. You are young; gain no friend at the expence of your liberty.

3d, Be not wise in your own eyes, attributing your success to prudence. The
race

race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Think of Joseph: read and consider that beautiful story; how David came to be King, and stiled the Man after God's own heart. In these and other delightful pictures may be seen the hand of an incomprehensible God. He, for wise reasons, as an example to Man, suffered St. Peter to deny his Master, tho' forewarned by Him that he would do so. What a picture of our weakness and God's power over the human mind! Consider of it; tremble at being presumptuous or positive. Never promise in letters that no time can alter you, and that you ever *will* be grateful, &c. Be more modest; be sensible of your weakness, and that we cannot be stronger than the disciple and companion of Christ. Tho' we are weak, we can be strong thro' God. We enjoy noble and great privileges under Him.

4th, If riches increase, set not your heart upon them. Consider their use; how

few possess them; how much this blessing is abused; so much so, that a prudent man ought to fear the possession, and pray, as in our Liturgy, *In all time of our wealth*, for God's blessing. The Evangelists and St. Paul knew human nature, and the danger of prosperity, by that figurative expression, "*It is easier for a camel, &c.*"; tho' I hope and believe that *all* will be blessed, and enter the Kingdom of Heaven. All would be good, could they see the beauty of virtue. As riches are your pursuit, think of their use; not to be vain of raising your family, by profuse gifts, as Lord P—— did; nor to act the reverse, like S—— and many others. Think of their use, I say, how they may be best employed: not in ostentatious charity on one hand, or luxury on the other. To see twenty or thirty Children bred up in cleanliness and industry, by God's bounty to you, would be luxury. But why should you covet such a pre-eminence over Man? Be humble; be astonished, should such a blessing be your lot:

lot: Give God the glory, and be His Agent. Think, O think of this! and tremble when you consume too much on Self; that could do such good. Open your soul, by contemplation. Two hours in a week will do the business, if assisted by prayer. May God so bless you! I will now dress, and ride with my boy John, whom God preserved from gunpowder. He is over us all.

9th May, 1784.

Read Hujos's copy; and wrote, O miraculous goodness! My Boy may still ride with me. I must love his Author and Preserver; not Man. No, not *you*!

Your affectionate

And happy Father,

H. J. H.

TO SON MIDDLETON.

DEAR PYTTS, 19th April, 1783, at Kensington.

TEN years hence, at Thirty-three, you may possibly have acquired some trash. Can I wish it you? Indeed I cannot, without the blessing of justice. Can you be rich and just? Almost impossible. I know not one, and much fear such a character cannot exist. We may give, nay all, and still possess no charity, no justice. You may do generous acts, and still be a pander to self-love, to pride, to murderous Man! Shall I put you out of conceit with your creation and pursuits? Forbid it, love and gratitude! Our very failings create a divine harmony. Love lies on a pleasing summit: attempt the ascent; look at her; consider her well, as painted by St. Paul. You will then pray for such a possession, the only means of obtaining her. She is a paragon of beauty. Health is in her right hand, with length of days; and in her left, riches and honour. What would Man have? The *justice* of not coveting too much; but obedience to the Giver of such
divine

divine blessings. Be humble, be temperate in all you eat, drink, put on, or do and speak. Examine what temperance is ; how a debauch robs the Poor of their just due ; that they have a Defender who punishes every thoughtless devourer. Temperance would increase your vigour after riches ; but you should look to the fountain-head for them, not to Man, with whom your dealings would then be clear, short, and open as day ; doing nothing in the dark with a low cunning, or at the expence of sweet liberty. Move slowly and surely. If you are obliged by Man, let it be of that nature that you can repay it, and at some fixed time. Hear an happy old Man, miraculously preserved from the gripe of Man. Hear him ? No ; you will revile him as an enthusiastick canter, till some happy evil may open your eyes to see the blessings of a true Christian. You will then feed the poor, as an act of justice, deriving no merit, no self-approbation therefrom. Of 10,000l. you would give five, and so in proportion, to rear Children to adore their Creator cleanly industry. Had a Lord CLIVE, a PIGOT, a SYKES, &c. done so, there would be scarcely a County or Parish in England where shouts

of true joy would not be heard. They knew nothing of Love; they got wealth by their own wisdom; they keep or wallow in it. *They know not what they do.* It is possible, barely possible you may hear me. I should try. Attempt to be a Christian, and the gates of Love will be opened to you; they cannot thro' any other means: the pleadings of Nature are only secondary. Acts of munificence and generosity are injustice, an impious pre-eminence over the happy Widow, whose soul was all charity. Humble thyself as a child; love the innocent darlings, play with them, associate with them. You can have no design upon them. Be as innocent and harmless as a dove. This will not impede one duty in life. You may soar to a seat in the Senate, humbly to plead the cause of the Poor; to obtain one law, if possible, that *all* the Children of the worthy Labourer may be reared by each Parish, and compelled to attend divine service on Sundays decently habited. Keep it holy, my boy; read the Bible, the wondrous miracles of old, the most luxurious views! Look at Abraham obeying his Creator; the infinite mercy and goodness of his Creator; to preserve his only son! With
 what

what rapturous gratitude he must have looked on the boy! with a surprize of wonder! Think how, and for what, the boy was preserved; to be the Father of Jacob, the Root of Jesse, from whence our Saviour Christ came. Think of those miracles; truths as clear as our own existence, tho' as incomprehensible. We know very much, and enough to make us ever chearful and grateful.

Near Four o'Clock.

Nature to bow. What vile excuses we make for our disobedience! I speak to the wind when I attempt to delineate divine truths to your Mother. She will not believe in an Abraham, or the power of God. She will not acknowledge herself the Child of Sin, notwithstanding the mercies shewn to her Husband, of which she is partaker. I ought to have been an outcast from Men, in prison. All I have, or can have, is the just property of the Poor. Her injustice shuts me and her Children out from even innocent enjoyments. I must deprive them and self of Goulds-Green. The air is too great a blessing for me: I ought to be more temperate and humble: I hate Man. No; I love him: I hate his injustice, his stubborn soul.

soul. I hate my Friend. O think of what stuff we are made ! I talk to the wind ; yet my pride will prevail ; I cannot be silent. Go on, proud Man, murder ; deny Him bread ; scoff at Him ; give Him vinegar to drink. My own Friend be one of these ! How can I clasp her to my bosom ? O ! when shall I hold my peace, be modest, and say nothing ? When pride is thoroughly vanquished and turned out, &c.

27th July, 1784.

She is all my heart can wish !

To MY S O N S in FRANCE,

By way of Address to them, after a most happy Experience,
and a merciful Escape from SHIPWRECK.

DEAR BOYS,

28th Sept. 1783, at Beaumaris.

O THE mercies I have received ! Will you hear me ? Shall I take thought for you, or to-morrow ? Can my wisdom do aught ? No. To your Creator I humbly resign you ; yet hoping and praying you may *believe* in a Creator, looking to this true and only source of justice. O my children ! Existence in this Heaven is painful and full of care without justice. Who possess it ? None ; no not one. We cannot be so blest.

Sinful

Sinful beings never were; yet we may attempt the pleasing summit. O the luxurious views it affords! the divine effluvia it exhales! Love gratitude, health, and temperance; a never-ceasing enjoyment of this Heaven, and myriads of beauties lent us. Justice alone will give you possession of them. Seek her. How? By prayer, as Jesus Christ taught, only five minutes out of 1440. Won't you purchase immense luxury at such a trifling expence of time? You may; but it is not likely. Happy stops to your impetuous wise career may produce the wisdom of obeying and adoring an Heavenly Father. Can I covet such a pre-eminence for you over your thoughtless Brethren? No, tho' it is the summit of human acquisitions. I cannot dare to have a will, even for my children's glory and honour. Riches I cannot wish you; they have corrupted human nature. A just rich man is not to be found. Is this a truth? Such is our nature. What an Heaven has this nature produced! what a door to repentance! to love! to *faith, hope, and charity*! Let discord reign. Let wise men attempt to govern. All is sweet harmony in the eye of Justice. As the labouring Poor or their Children

den were never thought on (except partially)
 by any State in *Christendom*; for among the
 Chinese I believe they are so just; no power
 of Man can open our eyes. We must still
 murder Christ! Such is our nature. We
 know not what we do: We are the children
 of Sin. We will not acknowledge a governing
 Creator. None stand astonished at the im-
 mense gifts; at the miraculous power! All
 is right! divine harmony! There can be no
 evil in existence. Justice removes every seem-
 ing evil. How trifling are our common com-
 plaints! How unjust our desires! If all ages
 have suffered, why not we? Why not think
 of Galabria? a Royal George? Death in all
 shapes surrounding us every day? or more
 properly our birth-day to eternity. Justice
 can look on this with an humble adoration to
 the immense Author of Life and Death. O
 miraculous Creator! what powers and bles-
 sings Thou canst bestow on Man!

DEAR

DEAR BOYS,

6th Feb. 1784.

BY the above you will find that I have not been unmindful of your welfare. Young plants should be early instructed that they have a Creator; that justice is their best earthly possession. Read of the mighty wonders, the progress of the creation of man, in *Speſtack de la Nature*, a French Author of such worth, that I could forgive a thousand BOLDERS. This one book will give you all earthly wisdom, even proper for a Sunday's meditation; but I hope you will not forget the Bible, the true wonders recorded in the New Testament on that day. Treasure the virtues He has annexed blessings to. Above all, cherish love and charity; not to drones and Beggars (tho' they are to be pitied, for the Legislature is to blame, not they), but to the industrious who may be sick, and want a sup and the balsamic cordial of reciprocal feeling. Feel, my children. Think; do not devour all, let that all be ever so little. The Widow was rich with justice and mercy. This would give you possession of all the luxuries of existence. A true wonder that giving would increase your store: but he who

who would give from such avarice, could not possess true love. You must seek it thro' Jesus Christ; by prayer, as He taught; in whose hands and protection I humbly leave you.

Pray, what progress have you made? Can you read any French Authors? What are your amusements? your expences? Be particular with me. Write in French, if you prefer it. I humbly beg of you, that you will be attentive to all your Governor may think right, tho' not consonant to your own ideas. Treat him with great respect; even beg indulgences at his hand. Officers in particular must be subservient to even whims and caprices thro' every rank. We must obey; tho', could you hear me, you would put no trust in any Prince or Son of Man. David learned wisdom in the happy school of disappointment to impetuous passion; so must you; so must all. Evils, as they are unjustly stiled in this harmonious Heaven, must happen to all. I only recommend you to avoid one; *injustice*, by not owing Man a guinea beyond your income. In this wisdom I may be wrong. Why desire you to be exempt from this evil? I only paint it. This has caused my confinement to two

very

very small rooms, where I enjoy more true peace than I ever tasted. Yet I hope for much delight from both of you at Goulds Green, where you shall enjoy every blessing that *justice* can give.

Pray give my respectful compliments and thanks to a Chevalier who wrote me a long letter, which only came to hand yesterday among a hundred more. Shew him the whole of this, should you see him. Pray get the *Speſtacle de la Nature* directly. I believe there are seven volumes octavo.

You may swear the affidavits before the Intendant! Observe to ſign them and the receipts in the proper places as marked.

My bleſſing attend you! Think of your dear lovely ſiſter SALLY; how ſoon ſhe was called! It is not deſigned to obſtruct one of your enjoyments, hoping that Juſtice and Love may guide you to taſte them purely.

Your affectionate Father,

And devoted Friend,

H. J. H.

To

TO EDMUND PYTTS MIDDLETON,
Esq. BENGAL.

MY DEAR PYTTS,

7th Feb. 1784.

YOUR Mother idolizes you too much. It is true, you have given specimens of a nature that may be of use to Man. She blindly prays for your defence against all evil; I, that you may humbly obey and receive the loving rod due to our nature; and that you may cry out with David,

It is happy for me that I have known trouble.

O PYTTS, you may yet know and feel this truth; that this harmonious Heaven has arisen from seeming evils and discord. There can be no evil in such a perfect wonder; but call it such, is it not an unjust self-love to feed alone and be the only happy man, exempt from the feelings of his nature? The most fond mother wishes her darling child the evil of the small-pox: so do I you, pain; a sense of want, ~~if not real~~; your embarrassing yourself by proud wisdom and trust in Man, &c. &c. &c. so that you recover of those happy evils, and possess

possess Faith, Hope, and Charity. Can a rich man possess those ? All is possible. Judge not, condemn not, find no fault. My blessing attend you.

Feed the Poor,

Keep the Sabbath.

Leave Man for Omnipotence on His day. Do not thy own work ; nor let thy servants work. Love them as brethren, whether black or white. Be mild to them.

Your affectionate Father,

H. J. H.

To Mr. R A I K E S.

SIR,

London, 12th July 1784.

I READ with pleasure every attempt of even justice for the Poor. Your Sunday scheme is excellent for those innocent Children employed six days ; but those salves, produced by self-love and avarice, will never do. Christianity alone must work the cure, when every Son of Man will have a just share ! enough of immense bounties from industry. Idleness and drunkenness must be suppressed ; the Sabbath observed. However, by Committees of the

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principal householders, being active Christians, meeting from a sense of gratitude for His Divine Love, to watch over the manners of the Labourer, to reward and give instant relief, &c. much good may be expected.

Read some of my Thoughts on the subject.

I am,

Sir,

Your very affectionate,
And most humble Servant,
H. J. H.

To the REV. DR. VINCENT,
SUB-ALMONER to the KING.

REV. SIR, *Gould's-Green House, Sunday, June 13, 1784.*

TELL me with candour (with charity you will), is it an impertinent interference in me, a Layman, to attempt to promote Christian knowledge, further than by my mite of superfluous trash? There are most able defenders: O how powerfully you painted its blessings last Thursday! Shall I leave the cause in such able hands? Powerful love excites me to add my mite, by representing the possibility that the King might hear you, and the Parliament
the

the King, or the Bench of Bishops ; so that one law might be obtained to oblige every Parish to be so just to the Labourer, as to rear *all* their Children, from six to ten, to Christian knowledge, which would promote industry, riches, and cleanliness. If such a law cannot be obtained, surely the Bishops, or the Society of which you are such an able Member, could print a short circular Letter to every Parish-Minister, recommending and enforcing the establishing of Schools to teach *all* to read, and to lead them in bodies to divine service on the Sabbath. Let us humbly attempt to spread it at home, before we go abroad. Let Christians from Europe shew they know something of divine love, by example from the Soldier and Seaman, that this religion is the only true one, by being more just, humble, meek, and merciful ; more full of love, content, and never-ceasing happiness (the call of Nature, the object of every clime) ; then it will spread far and wide. But, surely we should look first at home, and behold the mote in our own eye :

We neither feed the Poor,

Nor keep the Sabbath.

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Do I complain? Do I look with a malignant eye on human nature? I humbly hope not. I think not. A Christian possessed of Faith, Hope, and Charity, cannot discover a spot or blemish in this Heaven; yet he can feed on His love. I must, by most humbly begging, thro' every means His mercy may devise, that *all* at home in this Island may have a just share of immense bounties from industry. The axe might easily be laid to the root of the *only* evil I know of in this Heaven: 1st, By rearing all the young to be Christians. Can this be stiled Charity? Was the first of views * to the human eye last Thursday a Charity? Can Christians be so deluded, while thousands want such justice? We are so weak! What an Heaven has been produced from such weakness! A VOLTAIRE, or all the wisdom of the wise, cannot suppress Christianity. Wars and rapine must have their due course; but peace and love will reign at the last. Let us, in the mean time, spread them where we can. The Parliament, on a proper application, would

* Above five thousand children, in an amphitheatre under St. Paul's Dome, singing praises and thanks to their Creator and Heavenly Father.

provide a fund to support foreign missions under the eye of your Society : one from each College would voluntarily offer ; or a new College might be formed for the purpose.

I dare not have a wish or will in life, or, I would pray that you may long be a defender and promoter of Christianity ; but I am, with great respect (and awful gratitude to the Author of such powers)

Reverend Sir,

Your very affectionate and

Obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

I have a question of moment to ask of you, no impertinent curiosity.

TO CAPTAIN CHARLES FORREST,
BARBADOES.

Kensington, 27th June, 1781. Saturday Evening, Six o'Clock.

DEAR SIR,

WHAT scenes, deaths, and devastations, you must have beheld ! You had often been present at the dreadful effects of war ; but such a general calamity few experienced. Should we live to meet, our joy will be great in talking it over and over, for years to come. We could wish to have a journal of all you endured for the first three months ; how you gathered your necessaries, cloaths, and how you slept and eat. 'Tis possible health and many calms may succeed such storms. Great inconveniencies will appear trifles, at least for some time ; for Man is frail, and will forget. An escape from a fever and long confinement on a sick-bed cannot tame us : we are all like the Israelites of old. Man is Man throughout. Let us be satisfied with our nature, and learn thereby to be merciful and forgiving. Could we watch our fate, and wait upon the Source of all, we might submit without repining. If we considered all, the past, present, and to come,

we

we should find nothing strange or severe ; we should be grateful for health and enough, without coveting what many want ; we should blush at such enormous self-love. What troubles and vexations ensue unjust desires ! If we have enough, what would we more ? 'Tis impious to complain at losses and disappointments, particularly if enough is left. Your case was dismal indeed ; a whole Island desolated ; no covering or bread left. If part of Man so suffer, ought any to complain ? No. Tho' we are assured by the past and daily experience that there is no stability on earth, yet we will be such children as to look for peace, success, and long life. Ought we not to study the reverse ? and wait for death and disappointments in Self and friends ? Such obedience to God's eternal laws must produce the only true peace to be coveted here. What delight to wait on Him ! Providence or God ! to have no will, no desire, but to submit to and obey Him ; such power can He give poor Man. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad. If death and evil are thy lot, He has prepared antidotes. He has endued thee with such reason, as to behold the justice and beauty of all : He gives strength

and power to bear all. How St. STEPHEN waited on Him ! A cloud of pacific resignation shone around him. With love to all, even his murderers, he entered eternity praying for them. Such wonderful powers has He endued us with ! He has given us *all*. Let us wait upon Him, hour by hour, day by day, year by year. The longer He permits us to attend, the more is our gratitude and joy. Health is *then* valued as the medium thro' which He can be best seen and obeyed. To consider of His bounties, His all to Man ! They only require to be thought on, to produce a perfect and pleasing obedience, almost to court the post of danger, if example, or such a worm could be of use to his Maker in the mighty whole. What instances have we of good Soldiers encountering all perils, and often certain death, from love to their General ! many only from a sense of duty. How much more is it incumbent on Man in general to obey and love. *Perfection* ; a wonder not to be comprehended ! but to be conceived sufficiently as the source of love, adoration, and joy. O Man ! think on Him ; humbly *think*. Every inordinate desire, every fear must be then removed. Fear Him only,

only, and you will have nothing else to fear. Watch Him; pray, ask for nothing but obedience. He has amply provided for our wants. He sometimes denies us, takes from us necessities, as in your case. 'Tis true, evil besets us on every side, in every age. As it is so, and has been so, we ought not to complain, but adore in silence such wonder. May He bless us, and suffer us to meet, if He sees fit, prays

Your happy Friend,

H. J. H.

To a CONTEMPLATIVE LADY, whom
I never saw, thro' whom I addressed my
FRIEND.

*Kensington, Sunday Morning, 19th Aug. 1781 **

MADAM,

HOPING that my discussion or meditations
tend only to do more good to Self and
others, Sunday cannot be an improper day to
address you thus. Yes, this is a most refined
communication, better than any personal. To

* 27th July, 1784. How corrupt since 1781!

discuss.

discuss our duty with love, charity; consequently with good-temper, mildness, and forbearance, not dogmatically forcing our opinion (with our inherent pride saying, *I only am right*), might produce pleasure and true profit.

I will premise (a duty I owe to my Author and Preserver!) that I am an happy Man, so full of content and pleasing resignation (He made me so, no virtue of mine), that I ought never to seek another blessing, or have a more pleasing will than watching His behests, His eternal ordinances, whether good or evil, as Man files them. In health, and with enough, how extatic can be our contemplations on Him! (what a privilege allowed us from Adam!) His surpassing wonders! even the Paradise we inhabit; an earthly Heaven it might be, if the Poor had enough, and were compelled to be clean and sober: the means have been bounteously given, but for some wise ends never distributed, so that we should chearfully submit under this real evil. All nature is so full of beauties; luxuries immense for every sense! Time could not recount them. To *think* on them, with the Prophets, David, the

Evan-

Evangelists; CHRIST ! is all in all. We must pray for, we must seek those blessings, alone in our chamber, without even the presence of a Wife or Friend : let her do so likewise. I possess both in one, tho' not yet so blessed as to prevail on her ; tho' in every other sense she is soul of my soul. How delightful may be the day, should I live to see it, to find her daily waiting upon her God, watching His will, and chearfully resigning *me*, her children, and Self, to Him who gave them. Is this impossible ? beyond nature ? Shall we dare to limit His power ? Pagans, by His permission, have done as much ; but Christ suffered and prayed in His agony. We must suffer ; we were born to suffer ; we are the children of Sin, murderers ! Pain and death are our just lot ; but made the happy door to eternal happiness to *all*. Such is my universal Charity, my Creed, my sense of my own sin, and so humble, that there is no crime my poor Brother commits, but *I* am of the party. Dare I ascribe any pre-eminence over my Brother ? No ; let me think on St. PAUL, St. PETER, DAVID, &c. I am a man ; I will watch and pray as a Man ; not with an enthusiastic pride, a false religion, finding

finding fault with and damning my neighbour; who might have been much better, had the same talents been lent him.

Consider, my Friend, these truths. I can address you freely and warmly. What shall I do up? Let us not covet more time, but let us enjoy what is lent us. Sunday! blessed institution for the Industrious! Few of the Rich can taste the difference, so blindly do they run after dissipated pleasure and ambition. *We* did, my Friend; let us not blame any, not even rejoice at being led from the thorny path, but calmly and humbly adore Him, the Author of all, and the myriads of passions He has endued us with. Madness! how awful! Part of our lot. O, my Friend, let us adore Him who made the eye, ear, heart, and all; who gave us love and charity; grace and strength to love and obey Him; cheerfully waiting on Him to death. Is not this full employment, without being morose, fullen, or unsociable? We may not be righteous over-much. We may join our thoughtless neighbours in their trifles, feeling their distresses, wants, and evils, and studying to relieve them. Man is greatly blessed. Human invention could not find out more beauty,
more

more Harmony; a more perfect Heaven. Evils make it so. *How wonderful art Thou in all Thy works! The Heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!* What gratitude do we owe Him for such a production as DAVID! who has recorded many of his wonders; for the faith and obedience of ABRAHAM; the love of JOSEPH to his Brethren; the Prodigal Son; Christ's love! *Forgive them;* a reason assigned for His Prayer, *They know not what they do.* Shall we not endeavour so to love, so to forgive? Yes, my Friend, we will think on such wonders, and be chearfully grateful, with mildness and humility. Let us to church, and join with hundreds in the delightful praises and prayers; but let us not interfere with His will, by pointing out this or that desire of our own.

Half past Twelve o'Clock.

HE can and will greatly bless those who depend on Him. How often (always) is this verified! But, how merciful is He to the sinner who repenteth and humbleth himself! To AHAB, whose inhuman covetousness caused NABOTH's death; to DAVID's lust after the
only

only Lamb, when he had thousands and tens of thousands of his own. These were Men, the children of Sin : they repented, and knew the joy of such repentance. God has given all to Man. Let us be merciful, as He is merciful. O, my Friend, let us think of those things. A little rain had nearly prevented you from enjoying a divine repast. When you feel this truth, no weather, no excuse but illness will prevent you. How many conveniencies are provided ! Hear me, my Friend ; only hear me, and you will be as blessed as I : to fear no evil ; to covet no good ; to be grateful, ever singing praises and giving thanks. How can you obtain such riches under God ? By contemplation ; by being *alone*, for only two hours on a Sunday, to consider, to think. On what ? whom ? Justice, temperance, and judgment to come ; life and death. You will not tremble like FELIX, or put off the pleasing task. You will rely on, you will submit to, you will obey with chearfulness such a God of mercy and great bounty. I must refrain my joy for the gracious opportunity He has afforded me. I must be solicitous about my Friend, tho' even her depravity, our natural weakness, should prevent

prevent her, and I be denied this additional joy. I will watch for her, pray for her; and in so doing, I shall feed my own soul. It does, my Friend, require much food. Going to church will not do, tho' it is a good step towards silent thought, which must produce tautology, like our prayers. Let us write to each other; I will remove your objections to singularity. We will not be singular; we will think; to laugh more freely with those who laugh; to weep with those who weep. O think! my Friend. I can point out ten thousand beauties that must result therefrom; *under God!* He will give to those who ask. Surely love and charity are worth the seeking; a perpetual calm and beneficence of soul, when health will permit. Is this too little? He can give more. Faith to ABRAHAM, to STEPHEN. Think on what He can do; on what He has done. Is this singularity? We can do so without being singular; but if my soul was truly humble, sensible of its original depravity, and thereby wholly joined to God, we might

Let our light so shine before Men, that they might see good works (permitted to be done by Him), and glorify their Father.

It

It is false shame, tho' somewhat necessary, to be afraid of well-doing. The Publican is a warning to us; so was St. PETER's confidence. Can we trust ourselves a moment? No; and I hope we never shall. God is all in all. We are desired, early taught to pray to Him; to submit to His will; to acknowledge that His Kingdom is to be our refuge. But how vain are such words; mere air, without a retrospect to justice and temperance. What we want, and what we ought to be thankful for, Christ himself taught us in few words: *daily bread; against temptation and evil.* How few consider what we want, and how amply we are supplied! Be one of the few, without finding fault with others; their education has been so formed. From our infancy we are taught to admire shadows for substance; to be unjust in coveting too much, and in running before our Brother. Few are told that riches are a dangerous temptation, tho' we pray against it. Lord God protect you, my children, in the hour of trial, as He has your Father! I will pray for you; not that you may be great or rich, but good; that you may possess *love and charity, with justice.* O my children! these are riches; and

and if gold comes, you will not set your heart thereon. I have written much on this subject, which you may yet read. To God I leave you, endeavouring to shew by example what you ought to do. I must now take care of your Mother, my Friend, and do what I can to lead her to God ; to seek to please Him, not Man. Put not your trust in Man, or in any Son of Man. Don't take my word for it, but the whole Scriptures.

Five o'Clock Evening.

M A N may be neglected too much ; despised thro' pride and vexation. This cannot be the case where a general love and benevolence possesses us, from a sense of our frailty. The good may even be courted, but not for temporal riches. O that we may be content with enough ! Why covet more ? a danger that may be destructive to our dear children. In 1764 I thought so. I was led into temptation, and was deservedly punished. Can I fall again ? DAVID did again and again. *I* may. O *Kitty*, you should now help me. We should walk hand in hand down the hill, supporting each

H other

other till Death opens the gate for either. Let us consider this, and so live as if every day were our last. All lent us is clear gain.

Sunday, 26th August, 1781, at Gould's-Green, One o'Clock.

HEAR me, my dear Friend; think of the happy escape I had last week from illness. Death might have seized me; your Sister too! What great escapes! yet those days will certainly come. We should be prepared, by thinking on this every leisure-hour. Every day should now begin with loud shouts of thanks, praying for health, bread, and gratitude, with a perfect resignation of the two former, when God calls. Be this our only and incessant prayer. He will take care of our lovely innocents. How greatly blessed have we been hitherto with them; except in the *ambition* of PYTTS, which may turn to good. I do not find fault with him more than Self. Be my Friend. Think with me. Write to me. One idea will produce another. In answering you I may confute, and we may both arrive at the same goal. Death will be the final subject. We will look for, wait for this
final

final end of all flesh. We will not study so much to live well, as to die obedient. Could we have a corpse ever present, (we might have the skeleton and other apparatus) to remind us of this awful change!—To what end? To regulate our affections; to be just to God; to wait His pleasure; to adore such a wonder; to look to Him, not Man, for succour. Children should be taught this lesson, not to gain it solely by experience. I would have them greatly proud of God's patronage and protection; to be grateful, but not subservient, to Man. Let us shew them an example of true piety and obedience. We may be young again in the service of God. How early would you rise to wait on Lady NORTH! nay, you would contract with her to do so at five o'clock throughout your life, if you held a profitable post by such a tenure. How much more has God done for me! for you!

25th June, 1784.

How weak to leave this golden sweet path since 1781! Man is weak; I submit.

H. J. H.

H 2

To

To JUSTICES.

30th March, 1782.

WHEREAS Religion and Industry are the most efficacious and best remedies against Vice, Dishonesty, and every depredation ; and are the known source of true riches, sweet bread, and smiling content :

WHEREAS our labouring Brethren (who can prove themselves sober and industrious) deserve care and encouragement :

It is most humbly requested of the Justices of the County of Middlesex to recommend, at their Sessions, to the several Parishes in their divisions,

THAT all the Children, from six to ten (or some given time), be taught to read, and attend Divine Service ;

THAT all the Labourers who may be afflicted with illness, may be attended at their own happy fire-sides by some of the Faculty, at the expence of the Parish.

To

To the REV. Mr. WESLEY.

REV. SIR,

Kensington, 17th Dec. 1782.

THE Soul is full of pride, subject to myriads of impressions, all tending to the good of the mighty Whole. How difficult to possess the love of Christ! forgiving all, excusing all, as He did. Perfection cannot inhabit a sinful body. What crimes have we committed! Who? Man; our Brother; Self. Let us not murmur at our state, nor rejoice at any self-pre-eminence, but acknowledge with St. Paul, "It is not *I*; *I* have no merit; *I* only use the talents lent me; *I* am still a Brother to Cain." Such justice will produce universal love and forgiveness, without dictatorial advice or tremendous threatenings. We may still cry aloud and spare not, by telling our Brethren, "Ye are in the wrong road to possess the promises of Omnipotence; length of days, riches, and honour; the vast honour of sweet content and gratitude, for the most luxurious enjoyments--health, and industrious bread. A glorious immortality must ensue." How can we dare to feel peace while we permit

many hungry, cold, and ignorant Brethren to exist, particularly innocent Children ? While such a murderous evil exists, so easily to be removed by common justice or humanity, we must expect the deserved calamities of Wars and Lotteries. O that your able pen was exerted to rescue Industry from such temptations, multiplied by the thoughtless Legislature ! a most useless usury and avarice in a Commercial State. Cry aloud and spare not. Tell them (from love to the Many, as well as the thoughtless Few) that they must “ deal bread to the hungry, satisfy “ the afflicted soul, and keep the Sabbath “ holy,” &c.

This is the fact, these are the prayers acceptable. The rewards are certain ; to States as well as Individuals. We are satisfied with a partial charity, in seeing a few possessed of their right. We should tremble at devouring the just property of others. I know of but one evil, injustice ; every other tends to our good. Can't we give the worthy Labourer Religion and Industry ? We can, we ought. A short law would give both, without infringing on the liberty of a Briton ; the cursed liberty of
breaking

breaking the Sabbath. Think of this, thou worthy, great, and old Labourer. The duty of Poor and Rich is very short :

*To pray as Christ taught ;
To attempt to love as He loved.*

Whatever pride we may possess, there can be no enthusiasm in such simplicity.

I am, with great veneration for such a divine production,

Rev. Sir,

Your very affectionate,

And obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

A Man of happy sorrows and disappointments ;
perhaps to unjust desires !

Christmas-day, I could wish to see the Children uniformly cloathed, attending your Lectures.

TO SIR H. WILLIAMS, Bart.

Gould's-Green, 15th May, 1783, to see my dying Daughter.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE your affectionate Letter of the 9th inst. Tho' I cannot agree with you in some points, I must esteem you. Let me premise, I am no proud Methodist; yet I know the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. That it will not be your son *Bob's* fault should he not do well, as the world stiles it, by maintaining his post in high life. He is surrounded by temptations too many for his young good-natured heart in any city or court. I wish you had him at home for even six months on the Recruiting-service. You early gave him notions of paternal piety; but he has long neglected (by his own confession) to attend Divine Service, or pay any attention to the Sabbath. He will learn to be wise, to get opinions with his giddy Brethren, and to run in debt, as *all* in that line do. This one evil I will attempt to make him avoid; to hate every taylor or other person, as tradesmen, who can be so vilely audacious as to make slaves of their superiors in rank. Read the copy of
my

my Letter to my Son PYRTS, which will curtail this, and shew you the happy produce of evils and losses, as they are unjustly and most thoughtlessly estimated. I cannot defend myself with respect to Gen. H——D (a most fortunate loss!), tho' I love and respect him much: he may have been too rigid with respect to me, a fault he knows not of, tho' he may repeat the Lord's Prayer; so very blind do rank and riches make us. I have lost but one regiment, his, which may be amply made up by Half-pay Officers. I am quite easy, thoroughly resigned, never to be so impious as to have a will. In *me* it would be vile apostacy, tho' such divine harmony arises from our passions and desires.

It is natural for your Daughter to wish for an Husband; but a *rich* one is not necessary. Riches without love are a curse; I mean love for the Poor, and a temperate enjoyment of the numerous gifts. Why will we gormandize them without thought? *We know not what we do.* If two laws were made and executed, I should be perfectly easy as to every other evil in existence:

1st, That

1st, That *all* the Children of the happy Labourer should be reared to Religion and Industry, in cleanly order.

2d, That the Parents should be obliged to attend Divine Service in *clean* order, in hundreds, fifties or tens, under some head.

How Man in all ages has neglected so apparent a justice, is unaccountable to me ! But, we are murderers from the beginning, and must continue so. Was there ever such an horrid invention as Lotteries ? worse than the Inquisition ; of more fatal consequence. Harmony may arise from such discord. I humbly submit. I cannot forbear mentioning our Poor Laws, dictated by avarice and cruel tyranny ; at least they have such an operation.

The Aged tore from their peaceful, smiling fire-side (tho' ever so poor), after sixty years of happy labour, to a Work-house, rather than give one shilling a-week to their fond Child, surrounded by young children, from whom she cannot spare the well-earned bit, to put into the Aged's mouth.

To

To see an industrious couple, with eight Children, all tore from their long habitation, after working twenty years with only two Farmers, because the worthy Father could not pay a year's rent.

I saw both ; I relieved both. Had I any merit ? I was a murderer not to know this sooner. Of what use can riches be to me ? I know not, if I am blest with justice ; justice to the Poor, not false mistaken justice to my Children and Family. May they be sensible of the blessing of Enough ! May they be Christians ! I have been led to say much ; tho' I wish to impose an humble silence on this tongue and heart, that I may with more purity adore the mighty incomprehensible Author of mind, and the myriads of delights in and about us. All an awful delight ! except our thoughtless conduct to the worthy Labourer ; *Poor*, they ought not to be stiled.

I can find room for friendship too. I think I could find you a good Wife. I possess one of the best, tho' not a Mrs. NEWTON as yet, ready to resign, with humble awful gratitude and obedience, her husband and *all*. Let us think ; let us attempt to act as Christians ;
let

let us receive His Love, judging none, nor presuming to find fault.

It is not unlikely but I may take a bed and a chearful glass at F——; not to intoxicate, but expand the generous bosom to love and friendship. What an Heaven we inhabit! A better promised! What would we more? Obey, submit, proud Man.

Your humble Friend,

H. J. H.

TO JONAS HANWAY, Esq.
LONDON.

S I R, *Gould's-Green, near Uxbridge, 9th July, 1783.*

'TILL yesterday I never had heard of nor seen your humane publication of 1760, tho' I have lived (or more properly breathed) forty-eight years. Such powers, so well known among the military, might produce BRITANNIA Schools, if you would wait on Lord AMHERST, and induce his Lordship to patronize it.

Many

Many happy troubles have prevented my effecting hitherto what I had so much at heart in 1782 ; but I will not longer lye dormant in this or any scheme that may tend to the public or private good. You have assisted to rouse me. You thought of such a protection, such a justice for Soldiers Children, in 1760. The peace of this year would produce many worthy objects. In adoring Providence, I cannot flatter your abilities or zealous love. *There* is all the merit. I cannot praise Man. Tho' there are some wonderful productions, we are too apt to be satisfied with a partial charity ; to applaud national virtue and politics, when immense thoughtless usury (of no use) has hurled thousands of worthy industrious men to destruction. We are most blind to common justice. We are Men, the happy Sons of Adam. We can repent ! O happy state !

A few such as you, strongly cemented by Christian love, formed into a Society to meet once or twice a-week, might remove most of the evils incident to the happy Labourer. May you long live to execute, prays,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To

To the Rt. Hon. LORD AMHERST.

MY LORD, *Gould's-Green, Uxbridge, 9th July, 1783.*

MEETING, by accident, Mr. HANWAY's humane and just Defence of the Soldier in 1760, induces me to hope your Lordship will patronize some well-digested scheme for the benefit of Soldiers Children. I have no doubt but the Peace will produce many objects, and that these Schools may be of great use, if Industry be the chief object ; so that they may be employed at least eight hours each day.

I have the Honour to be,

With great respect,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To

TO JOHN WILKES, Esq.

SIR,

Kensington Gravel-Pits, July 28, 1783.

YOUR abilities might defend the cause of the worthy Labourer, by getting the Poor Laws revised and amended, particularly in regard to their Children and the Aged.

A power is given to thoughtless Usury to drag from their peaceful happy homes, the Labourer, who has for forty years or more proved himself a most useful Member, by working with only one Farmer. Ought he not to have a choice? to have some weekly reward to ease him in his latter days? Two shillings and sixpence a-week would produce immense luxury. In my opinion, such a just reward would rather lighten than increase the Poor Rates; a mean consideration! where we reap such vast luxuries from their labour.

Their Children, from six to ten, might be sent to small Schools to read, and be trained to industry, at the expence of each Parish.

In this happy recess exert your abilities, as you nobly did in the cause of Liberty. They want a Friend to cry aloud and spare not.

What

What misery ! what vice ! you might stem.
Attempt the deed, unthought-of even by a
VOLTAIRE. Can we mend the evils of existence in this Heaven ? How deliciously we might feed thereon, had the Labourer his just share, from industry, of immense bounties.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

H. J. H.

TO SIR WILLIAM PARSONS, BART.

SIR,

Birr, Sunday, 26th October, 1783.

I AM no Methodist ; there ought to be no proud Dissenter from Established Law. Were our Clergy to cry aloud and spare not (with love), they would tell you of your thoughtless crime ; of your breaking the Sabbath. What ! not give up two hours from the laudable pursuit of earthly liberty ? There is a God (*Hallowed be His Name !*) of love, of immense bounty ;

bounty; who gave us delightful commands; repentance, too! You believe this. I doubt it not; but you do not think of it. You do not act, nor have you one loving Brother to lead you to act. Read the lviiiith Chapter of Isaiah: What an inestimable truth! How plainly is our duty there pointed out! What blind dissemblers we are! An Hypocrite may now attempt to do good: a Sinner does; but it can be of no moment who tells you it is your duty to attend Public Worship. But cold may be got in a damp church. This excuse may easily be removed, and ought to be, by Stoves. How shameful, that one half of the Service* should be lost, particularly to those who cannot read.

Think, and act; feed on Divine Love; protect the worthy Labourer; remove temptations out of his way; see that all Public-houses are shut up by nine in Winter, and ten in Summer; encourage industry and cleanliness; use every effort to suppress Lotteries in future, an antidote to every good. But, where am I straying?

* *The Evening.*

I

Think,

Think, that there is a Creator. Endeavour to obey Ten short Commands, comprised in Two. Eight or ten hours of a Sunday may be justly employed in recreation from labour, and defence of liberty. Without Religion our wisdom will be vain, and pervertive of even just desires. Read the lviiiith Chapter of *Isaiah*.
 Forgive

A CHRISTIAN.

TO LIEUTENANT ARCHER.

DEAR SIR,

London, 11th Feb. 1784.

I HAVE long loved you, since you wrote me first from your happy, tho' humble, retreat in Wales, on *Œconomy*. I was too much buried in ambition, among proud Lords and Generals, to think of sweet sensations. Tho' near fifty, in full health, I do hope for delicious repasts in this Heaven. I dare not cover them, tho' I have drank deep of this nectar, as my first prayer is to obey, to have no will, but the delight of submitting, as Christians have
 done;

done ; and to feed on His bounty 'till that happy call.

I may visit your Heaven, and contribute to make it more delightful. I have a Son ! such a Son ! (Oh how can I dare to find fault with any Man ! not even with a B—— !) who may bestow wonders. He did at twenty-two. I may assist such humble worth as yours. Your agency is nothing to me, tho' I would not forego the pleasure, had I an independence of a thousand pounds a year, nay, of ten ; for I would still gather for poor Children. I would then boldly beg for them, expose their nakedness, their poverty ; our blind injustice, without the imputation of self-interest. I will be bold in so just a cause, however I am branded. Whom can I offend ? The rich, whom I earnestly wish to avoid thro' life, not from any enmity ; but their frivolous conversation, wise schemes, and politicks, would interrupt luxurious scenes, particularly with young Children. I am blest with two Grand-infants, in exchange for their lovely Mother, who lately left this Heaven for a better ; a Son too ! a Lieutenant at sixteen, who had served two campaigns. I heave a pleasing parental sigh, with a delightful

submission. Are you a parent ? Pray to have no will ; not to make life more pleasant, but from a sense of gratitude for the miracles wrought for Man. You see I can't forbear preaching.

Your affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

To the REV. Mr. J. WESLEY.

REV. SIR,

15th Feb. 1784.

BEFORE such a wondrous Man goes hence and shall be no more seen of Men, I should be glad to know your opinion why such a plain explicit command, so full of love to Man, should not be attended to, tho' we weekly pray for grace to obey it ; a command which no passion obstructs. I am struck with horror at our seeming hypocrisy or unbelief. None of the Clergy to cry aloud and spare not ; to tell us of our transgressions ! Our duty is plainly marked out,

To feed the Poor,

To keep the Sabbath.

Who

Who does the latter? I am not blest with the knowledge of one; nor could I obey singly, or enjoy the bounties of Omnipotence alone, without attempting to distribute. I breathe in an Heaven; I enjoy peace on Earth. I love all. Christ has given me all. He came to fulfil, not abolish, the Law. When in Dublin lately, I applied to Dr. LELAND, but could get no satisfactory answer. I hope I have no pride to gratify. I don't wish to disturb the peace of Mortal, or to remove one of the happy evils in this harmonious Heaven; yet I can feed on love, and humbly attempt to obey. Read me, and give me some answer about the Sabbath.

What a miracle that professing Christians, for eighteen centuries, should have denied His Children bread! Could we not have reared *all* to a knowledge of His bounty? His mercy?

I am, with deep veneration,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

H. J. H.

What a painful picture of our injustice does an heavenly scene present every Sunday at the FOUNDLING!

TO H. A. WOODWARD, Esq.
DUBLIN.

London, 27th Feb. 1784. Nine o'Clock at Night.

DEAR SIR,

MY half-hour of silence and retreat after business cannot be better employed than on *Death*. Yes, I was struck with a sacred awe on the first reading of Mr. LETCH's loss. To whom? The Poor. No; they have a Protector, tho' we deny them enough. To you, his new wife, his affectionate intimate connections. They have a loss indeed! But why set our affections here? Why not have such examples frequently before our eyes? Why? Because we are frail Men. How I do pity his Widow! O for a word of consolation! To Christ she must fly. He is only summoned a short time before her: He is with his Creator. If she could take example by DAVID, and rejoice in his salvation! We are not so reared. The very Clergy are immured in this world's joys; they are Men! We should love the most inconsiderate of them; tho' they neither

Keep the Sabbath,

Nor Feed the Poor;

nor

nor have not for eighteen centuries, tho' so plainly called upon by the Prophets to obey ; to attend to those easy, just, and paternal injunctions. Indeed we deserve, States and all, the evils and losses we have read, and hear of ; yet we cannot but commiserate and mourn with those who mourn. O Omnipotence ! how happily unsearchable are Thy Decrees ! To think of them may be prophane in such worms ! To obey, without divine aid, is impossible. We do not watch, we do not pray, as we were taught ; but have wills of our own, judging and finding fault. We pray for grace to keep the Sabbath, and go from the Altar to break it. Oh ! I have seen our transgressions. We should bewail and humble our proud hearts ; we should turn to our Creator. We have Egyptian souls ; we will be wise. We are Men ! we know not what we do. This life, tho' an Heaven with health and love, is an uncertain possession. How recently proved by Mr. LETCH ! Is it less an Heaven, tho' ? No, If forty Calabrias and Royal Georges should take off millions, Love, Christ's Love, would open new scenes of wonder to succeeding generations. O why can't we feed *all* the Poor !

rear *all* the Children as a few are reared ! I am not so proud as to wish it. All must be right. But I cannot but lament our seeming injustice ; nor can I have a distant desire to possess riches, while many want bread. This injustice from Man to Man is an alleviation of our sufferings. Viewing human nature with an humble eye, I cannot see one evil in existence. What ! Not a

Child struggling for a drop on its famished Mother's breast?

Avaunt, vile riches ; every luxury, but obedience, adoration, and love. Oh how can I talk to Man ! Is this pride ? or any pre-eminence ? I hope not. I am apt then to lose sight of obedience and justice. This is self-love ; I own it. I will mourn with those who mourn ; eat with the Publican and Sinner ; heal those I can. Yes ! I have been so blest. It is possible I might convey a little obedience to the afflicted Widow. She may still partly enjoy him by being a Mother to those Children he reared with an attentive eye : Let her daily visit them, for years to come, when time will wipe away what obedience might : She may feed on love, enjoying this Paradise, waiting for a better.

Suppose

Suppose my Wife, my Friend, now dead in the next room : we cannot paint it thoroughly : health cannot feel its blessing, till taught by pain or sickness. But STEPHEN did obey ; ABRAHAM did ; thousands of Christians do. I cannot but wish to have Mr. LETCH ever present. To what end ? To obey ; to submit ; to resign this life ; yet to do my duty here, as far as weak sinful Man can.

Your affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

MRS. WOODWARD's Sister and Niece must be much more affecting losses than her Mother, tho' so many deaths must affect the best minds. Yet, O immense Mercy ! a Christian has always a certain cure at hand—Adoration ! Obedience !

Pray lock yourself up for an hour some Sunday. Read the lviiiith Chapter of Isaiah, and write me your free thoughts on the Sabbath.

To

To Mrs. F. B E R R Y.

DEAR MADAM,

London, 9th March, 1784.

I HAVE forwarded your Letter to Col. STERLING, and wrote to him as inclosed. What a vast delight it will be, should they return safe ! Thousands have been so blest, and we may hope it ; but we should be prepared to obey, and enjoy vast gifts with gratitude, without presuming to pray and dictate according to our impetuous, unjust desires. We in vain plead natural feelings ; which dignify Man, if we would stop there. A parent must feel pleasing poignant sorrows on the loss, or any real distress, of a Child. What can we plead for breaking a most plain, explicit, and loving command ? The example of Bishops and Pastors. How can they reconcile coming from the Altar praying for grace to obey what they spurn at the next hour ? They have been so educated. They do not think. Do we not richly deserve every evil that has happened for eighteen centuries ? Indeed we do. We have neither

*Fed the Poor, nor
Kept the Sabbath :*

most

most certainly in our power ! for we have amazing plenty, and no passion to plead in extenuation for a seeming wilful disobedience, or what is as bad—Hypocrisy. DAVID committed crimes to be repented of, and was forgiven. You have a large family ; inure them early to keep the Sabbath, by shewing them you love your Servants as Brethren, by not suffering them to do what may be done on Saturday or Monday. Acts of necessity and love may and must be done ; nay, the Servants may amuse and recreate under your temperate eye. Oh ! we live in an Heaven, if we would even attempt to obey. Every scene produces delight, but an hungry Brother. We should even bow under such an evil. Read the lviiiith Chapter of Isaiah. What miraculous truths ! Think on them ; not as a proud Puritan Dissenter or Methodist, thinking they only are right, judging and condemning others. The time may come when we may all unite in Christ's love, without protesting against any error ; but truly loving justice, mercy, and humility. Man cannot effect this. I dare not wish one evil removed. I can only represent with tender love, that we
may

may attempt to obey, and love our Brethren. I will own that I do dissent from the general opinion in one pursuit. I esteem Riches as a curse: Man cannot use them justly. We must believe Jesus Christ; I feel the truth of it; yet all is right. The amazing harmony is produced by our folly, our vain wisdom. O miraculous Power! I humbly prostrate myself, praying for obedience, that I may have no will, no pride in using the talent lent me. What! not to be proud of Thy mercy! Gratitude and justice must let it shine.

Obey; have no will; enjoy this Heaven, looking forward with faith to another: so will you, your Husband, and dear Children, be blest!

Your affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

To

To the DEAN of WINDSOR.

SIR,

Windsor, 18th May, 1784.

MY Soul is so covetous of luxurious food,
that I can lose no day or place without
attempting to spread Christ's Love. I hum-
bly think the rearing *all* the Children of the
Labourer to Religion and Industry a justice
due to them,

Humbly recommended by

ONE of HIS MAJESTY's JUSTICES.

To the EMPEROR of GERMANY.

Gould's-Green House, Middlesex, England, May 22, 1784.

GREAT EMPEROR,

THY soul seems to be expanded to love and
true greatness on the spot thou governeſt,
more than any of thy Cotemporaries, or thoſe
preceding thee.

It

It is possible you might establish a law throughout your Empire, that every Parish may rear *all* the Young of the happy Labourer to such a knowledge of Christianity as the reading of the Bible can give. This will not impede but promote industry, chearful villages, and cleanliness.

Our King and People cannot hear or attend to justice. We have Poor Laws, the produce of Avarice. In our boasted land of freedom, the Aged are tore from their peaceful homes (old palaces to them !), after a long life of honest labour, to feed under the controul of a Tyrant.

I am, with great respect, without any impertinent prayers or wishes,

Great Emperor,

Your most humble

And affectionate Brother,

(As an happy Christian)

H. J. H.

To

To the EMPRESS of ALL the RUSSIAS.

Gould's-Green House, Middlesex, England, 16th July, 1784.

MADAM,

IT is possible the present Age might produce *active* Christianity ; by which the Labourer would get common justice, bread, and knowledge, enough of immense bounties by industry. This would be civilization ; this would make the Arts and Sciences to flourish, better than the vices of great Empires.

Committees daily sitting in every Parish, to watch over the industry and manners of the Labourer, to hear and relieve their just wants, and to rear *all* their Children to religion and good habits, would cure the *only* evil in existence.

I am,

With great respect and true love,

MADAM,

Your most humble

And affectionate Brother,

(As a Christian)

H. J. H.

To

To the REV. Mr. NEWTON.

Gould's-Green House, Middlesex, 17th June, 1784.

REV. SIR,

YOUR just picture of ABRAHAM's faith, with the power of Omnipotence, placed me in Heaven for the time, where I have often been with you, other Divines, on festivals and many happy retired hours. I do firmly believe, hope, and have charity for all Men. These wondrous blessings have been given me. I have no one wish or desire, when I think of our Creator, our Father, and can have no will; but I am often disturbed from such thoughts by Man. Do I want any thing of Man? Can I put any trust or confidence in Man? No; surely I cannot be such an apostate. Cannot? Think of St. Peter; think of Man throughout. Watch and pray. I say, watch, think on, read the miraculous wonders. Consider of sixty millions of creatures destroyed by avaricious, proud professing Christians; of the present state of Christianity in this enlightened Age and Island. Humbly bow; submit; find no fault; love all. Be not even covetous of being an ABRAHAM; tho' I had rather possess
faith

faith and obedience ; than what ? Riches blind poor Man. Nothing can be compared to so great a blessing. A Christian may possibly be more covetous and avaricious than the most usurious. Is it mild, meek, or modest, to crave so wondrous a superiority over millions ? If such gifts are the lot of a few, how awfully should they receive ! with humble gratitude spread His love ! Surely I may humbly desire to communicate with you, without being too covetous. You may correct me in my career

To feed the Poor,
To keep the Sabbath,

in telling Christians this ought to be the test of their faith. Read me on this head. It is a wondrous miracle, that the Labourer has never had a just share from his industry. Our Poor Laws are so executed, at least, as if produced by avarice and tyranny. The Aged are forced from their peaceful homes ; the Young are not reared to *read* Christianity, except partially. We value as Charities what should make a Christian blush. Can there be a more infatuated blindness, than for a Legislature to open the scenes of temptations, by permitting gam-
 K ing

ing and chance-medley by Lotteries? What has a Christian, an ABRAHAM, to do with this? Very little. But let us not stile it a religious Government, tho' the whole is full of harmony ; not one evil in existence to a true Christian.

I am, with great respect,

Reverend Sir,

Your very affectionate,

And most humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To the REV. MR. MILLS.

REV. SIR,

Hillington, 19th July, 1784.

YOUR approbation was only wanted. I only beg to know whether small Schools in your Parish, under proper rules and orders, would not promote Christianity, industry, sobriety, and cleanliness, even with their Parents; for they might be enjoined to attend Divine Service, and to clothe their Children in some uniform, cheap dress, if they were educated without

without expence to them. Would it not be a luxurious scene to see them in bodies of ten, fifteen, or twenty, under their respective Teachers, keep the Sabbath? Mr. RAIKES' Institution is a palliative; much good ensued therefrom; but this would effectually relieve the Poor, and reduce the Poor Rate. O that the Rich would visit a poor family of this Parish in a wretched hovel in Long-lane, without a covering or one necessary! not fit for swine! yet six Christians herd together, without one caddow. Small Schools would effectually prevent this most horrible disgrace to Christianity. A Fund would soon be raised under your sanction. Only signify your approbation, and I will attempt to carry it thro'. The Rich will hear, will gladly contribute, and lend some *time* to see it executed, if the good, that must ensue, is most humbly and respectfully painted.

I am, with great respect,

REV. SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

To the INHABITANTS of HILLINGTON
PARISH,

Who can render the EXISTENCE of the LABOURER
more comfortable, by encouraging Industry.

Gould's-Green, 24th May, 1784.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I HUMBLY beg leave once more to recommend a partial Charity to your consideration. I cannot more forcibly paint its utility, and the great *riches* that must ensue, than by submitting the inclosed to your perusal.

Being now *in terræ quiete*, I am more desirous than ever to do what service I can to all Men, in every spot of this Globe, during a short, uncertain, and happy life ; in which pursuit Love and Humility will be my guide ; I therefore hope for your patient forbearance and forgiveness.

That Man has denied to Man a just share of immense bounties and amazing plenty, for eighteen centuries, is no more strange than true. If the partial remedy of Parish Schools has produced good, which all seem to own, I
flatter

flatter myself you will not hesitate to form one *here* as soon as possible.

I will only add, to what I have written on this subject, that your spare time and superfluous fortune will be luxuriously employed in so just a task.

I am, with great respect,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your most affectionate,

And very humble Servant,

H. J. H.

All the Children of the Poor should be reared to Religion and Industry.

When sick or sore, they should be attended at their own homes, at the expence of the Parish.

TO Miss MARTHA LOUISA SAUNDERS,
SAUNDERS GROVE.

Kensington, 15th Nov, 1781, Half past One o'Clock.

DEAR MADAM,

TO converse with you is more exquisite delight than any company or recreation can give. What a wonderful production! One of nine girls. What an happy Mother! May you long add to her peace! You say you and your dear Sisters would sacrifice all to her wishes. Love, all-powerful love, must in many instances give way. Here Parents should bend, and ought not to enforce their own wisdom against nature. She is your Friend; a Friend to point her experience, not dictate. How could so much virtue inhabit the county of Kildare! But all things are possible. You are a phenomenon. A Girl to think! Where will you find a young Man to think with you? to adore such a production? Yes, virtue will attract, subdue the thoughtless; and numerous Worthies may arise from one stem. I can wish for nothing, so inexhaustible are the delights of our existence. What an Heaven do we reign in, to produce such as you! Hear me, my young Friend; you have no merit.

All

All would be equally good, had they the same talents lent them. It is the lot of few to think. Shall *we* think? Will you give up two hours in the week to me? Suppose Sunday, from six to eight in the morning. I want such a Friend. I have a Friend, a Friend of near twenty years, in my Wife; but we cannot, at least do not, correspond or think as Friends, a too constant or familiar intercourse preventing us. We love as Friends. You might be an ELOISA, and she a CLARA: I the happy Friend of both; a Mediator, searching for pure virtue in the stream of love and charity, by temperance and good-humour. Have you read ELOISA? four small duodecimo volumes, by ROUSSEAU. I will send them you. Read them alone. Your Sisters must be yet too young to think so deeply. Consult your Mother; let her first peruse them. A most unfortunate Divine condemned them, as hurtful to true Religion; but I cannot discover a line contrary to true Christianity, except in the arguments of Mr. WOLMAR, which tend to promote it, and create an awful adoration for the Author of so much mind, whose wisdom is full of vanity. What presumptuous worms! to dare to account for

incomprehensibles. Yes, we are somewhat excusable; MOSES, the Prophets, DAVID, and the Evangelists, having so exalted Man. Few should dare to think with them, at least to explain mysteries; but humbly to adore and obey; to attempt to fulfil the whole law, by *doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God*. Whom? Our Father! Author, and Source of all we see, hear, feel, taste, and smell. How many more senses may He have given myriads between us and Him! We may fathom and grope, but we cannot find. What a privilege to think! to love! to obey! to wait for eternity! to pray for grace and strength! Yes, my Friend, we are weak, dependent, sinful beings. Happy that we are so, as true remedies and certain cures have been provided against vice and pain. We must watch and pray. What divine food, ready prepared for the soul! in a few words, where our nature and wants are comprised. Why will Man have a will? He cannot be perfect. We can only attempt it. This is not our Heaven, or resting-place. Tho' full of sweets and wonders, many taste of real bitters; delicious bitters! that lead us to our First Cause. Think
with

with me, my young Friend, we may lead each other into the arms of death, without embittering one moment of our existence; so very bountiful has been our Author. Thought will produce peace, obedience, and a never-ceasing gratitude for His bounties. It will not relax ambition, but enhance every enjoyment. You are young, and may look forward to a pleasing progeny. Love them, your good Mother, and all; but love their Author and Giver best. Nature can submit and obey. We plead for her too much; we are unjust, unreasonable in our desires; we do not think; we do not consider. We say, *Thy Will be done*; yet our pride would govern all. We cannot be right: let us own our weakness, and throw ourselves on His protection.

Your affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

2d Aug. 1784.

Found and read.

To

To the S A M E.

Hampstead, 16th Nov. 1781, Seven o'Clock Evening.

DEAR MADAM,

I WROTE a few lines last night. I retire from company and noise, to *think* on Death, Life, and Eternity: on Man; his nature and business here; the wonders that surround him. A wish arises, an unjust wish, that I was disentangled from worldly concerns. This cannot be. Bear thy load. Riches are not my object. I am not ambitious. Do you know Self? A difficult task; a lesson of some use; for justice and obedience must be the result. With what delight could I watch my Author's will, but for the cares of accounts; the affairs of others! Into what a labyrinth have I thrown myself! For what and whom? I could not avoid it. I do not complain, tho' I have but one wish, one only boon, to ask of God or Man, which time and care may produce.—I am not perfectly at ease. Who is? Is such the lot of any? Ought it to be? No, surely; or I should have met with or read of one contented Being, full of gratitude, crying out, How bountiful and wonderful have been
 Thy

Thy gifts to Man ! Thought cannot conceive a brighter Heaven, when pain does not interrupt the view. Ought Nature to produce such a Man ? Why not ? Is not such justice due to our Creator ? Adversity has for a time opened the scene ; a release from pain or death ; but we soon forget. We will not think ; we will have desires, opinions ; we will be proud, Poor Man ! Why can't we be just ? Why can't we admire, adore Children, Women, all ? yet resign them. Why ? Because we do not think, retire, and be alone, even one hour in twenty-four. This hour I covet. I have often been content ; so content as to esteem it impiety to have a wish, even under pain or affliction ; how much more ought we to be content in health and affluence ! No, we ought not to be so ; for none is : such is our nature. Can there not be one exception ? one truly obedient Child, who will love his Father, watch his will, and perpetually cry out, How full my cup is ! full of love, charity, the power of doing good ? Can Man ask more ? May not all possess it ? The Widow did. What prospects have I not beheld ! but how interrupted ! There is my bane ; my fears for my honour
and

and justice. This, this alone weds me to Man : I must wade thro'. This has made me dare to contract with my God, never to ask any other blessing ; but to resign my Wife, my Friend, my Children, my health, my bread, my All to Him without repining, but singing eternal Hallelujahs. What a contract ! what a promise ! I know my weakness. I feel the love, the delights of my Children. Can you resign them ? Yes, to their Father ; to my Father ; to my Preserver, miraculous Protector ! Oh ! I could tell you of wonders. Shall I presume to have a will ? No. He orders all. Man's wisdom is vain. He has led me to think, and love justice ; tho' I cannot be just without His permission. I must pray for this one blessing. Man ought to submit. *God's Will be done.* Can I love gold, riches, or honour ? I am a just, tho' an extraordinary exception. I see into their danger, that they could give me nothing but the partial pre-eminence of doing more good, or enjoying too much luxury ; the vast one of visiting you. Yes, there are many delights to a thoughtful mind ; one of which I dare not be so unjust as to covet. Our desires would be endless, unless we stop short somewhere. May
 God

God bleſs us with juſtice to Him and Man !
Good night. I find I love Self much.

MADAM,

MY Huſband has ſet me a pleaſant taſk.
He has painted what I feel you deſerve. May
God bleſs him ! He thinks too much ; but he
means well. I ſincerely wiſh you much happi-
neſs ; and am,

With great eſteem,

Madam,

Your very affectionate humble Servant,

K. H.

To Mr. R——.

Gould's-Green Houſe, Sunday, 14th July, 1782, One o'Clock.

DEAR SIR,

SELF-LOVE, more than ſocial, may in-
duce me to defend the vaſt bleſſing of love
and charity ; the former a divine gift to thoſe
who will aſk it with faith and gratitude. Is
it poſſible for proſperity to ſeek it ? for proud
Man

Man to humble himself 'till a paternal, loving opposition to his craving, imperious will opens his eyes? I believe there is no other door; for every Christian, I know, is dictatorial and proud, and would level all to their own opinion, not seeing the divine harmony produced from the various passions of Men, the cause of happy evils. Would we invert the order of Omnipotence, and make a *lasting* Heaven of this Earth, where every delight reigns, which human invention could not increase or multiply? Sober thought would make us so just. What can produce Thought? Opposition to our head-strong will. O why will we dare to have a will! We are Men; we are sinful Men; *we know not what we do*. Shall *we* not forgive? and forget injuries, be they ever so enormous? What an example hast Thou left us, O Creator of Man! Thou hast given him all. In every extremity he can find joy and comfort; boundless joy! How can a Mortal find fault with Mortal? Pride from our womb is the cause—the happy cause. Pride and sin produce repentance; harmony amazing even here! What joys did the Prodigal Son taste! Could his proud, self-approving Brother taste them?

them? Impossible, 'till his eyes were opened by such examples. The further our Brother strays from love, the more we should love and pity him, even should he rejoice, tantalize, and insult; for Christ suffered more. We should wait for, and expect sufferings. Dare Man say, I don't deserve them? or tell his Creator, what? Tremble, proud ingrate, proud worm; obey; submit; adore; be greatly blessed, by loving and forgiving, as you wish to be forgiven. In our conversation we both expressed a wish to have done with Man: I meant their follies and vanities; for I love every Man, and clearly see they cannot offend me. I dare not set myself above the most thoughtless. Part of myself errs when they err. Permit me to form a Letter you might write:

“ MY DEAR NEPHEW,

“ SORRY am I that I should even find
 “ fault with your conduct in respect to me.
 “ I *now* admire and commend your prudence: I only wish you had treated me
 “ with that affection I wish to merit. But
 “ who can act right? Man cannot. We
 “ should love, bear, and forgive. I cordially
 “ do

“ do you, and pray that you may live to
 “ taste the sweet peace bestowed on me,
 “ which must be as lasting as my gratitude
 “ to our beneficent Author. Time may so
 “ bless you. Man must suffer much before
 “ he can be healed of his sinful wounds.
 “ One hour a day in humble contemplation
 “ of the bounties bestowed on Man, would
 “ produce the cure; for we cannot fail to
 “ pray, if we will but think on the blessings
 “ of health and bread; our only wants, if we
 “ could be just. What incessant praises and
 “ devout thanks must he give, who cannot
 “ think of a blessing but what has been
 “ given! Sure we owe this and more. To
 “ prove, as far as weak Man can answer for
 “ his sincerity, that I have no design in
 “ this Address, I never will accept of any
 “ confidence from you, tho’ I shall be al-
 “ ways glad to render you any service in my
 “ power; for I am blessed with true love
 “ for you, and All, while I am permitted to
 “ exist and behold miracles and innumerable
 “ delights. May we happily meet in Eter-
 “ nity, prays

“ Your affectionate Uncle!”

Monday

Monday Evening, Eight o'Clock.

TO what purpose should I shew you this ? It might produce sober thought and sweet gratitude. I have cured great diseases. O that I had a Friend humbly to discuss the ways of Providence to Man ! Not yet content ? nor never will, so impossible is it for Man to be perfect ; but true Friends would lead each other up the hill, with a pleasing obedience, tho' many of the steps were rugged. Could three meet once a-week, and produce their lonely thoughts in writing, much good would accrue to their neighbours, as well as themselves ; for love and charity would spread and increase the more they are cultivated. What vast luxury to relieve others ! How temperately should we even enjoy such food ! lest we wed this life too strongly. We should consider our latter end, and think that each day might be our last, not to embitter the present ; for good-humour must result from love and gratitude. Thoughtful Beings may consider and view Eternity ; an Immortality ! a promised Resur-
L
rection.

rection. Amazing ! incomprehensible ! as the
God we adore. Let us

“ Hope humbly then, with trembling pi-
nions soar,

“ Wait the great Teacher, Death, and God
“ adore.”

*O lead me, wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death !*

A Mortal to be angry ; to be vexed ; to want
any thing but health and bread ! Wondrous
strange ! yet as true as strange ; must be wisely
ordered so. We cannot even take example.
We will still be craving what was denied in
every age. O teach us to submit to Thy will !
Amen. Bless and protect my Children ! Make
them just—just to Thee and Man ! How happy
is Man that he can pray ! Be calm, O my soul.
Have I a wish ? O yes ! for my lovely Chil-
dren ; Thy gifts ; not that they may possess
gold, but love and justice.

Your affectionate Friend,
H. J. H.

Found and read this,

Aug. 3, 1784.

To

TO LT. R. M. HANSARD, ^{Esq}
 BARBADOES.

Gould's-Green House, 29th May, 1784.

MY DEAR DICK,

I READ your Letters and *George's* to your Mother. His was full of blasphemy, arising from a too good-natured thoughtless heart. What wretches we should be but for Religion! What a pity we should make a mask of it for peace here! We are vile Beings! Believe me, *Dick*, we murder the Poor in a land of plenty. But no more of such scenes at present; tho' a sense of our own unworthiness can only open our souls to justice and gratitude. Of what moment, in the great scale of things, if the name of HANSARD was even handed down to posterity as infamous? Were we to examine into the weak pride of Man, we should be more careful of deserving true honour and riches. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Our anxiety absolutely denies a Creator; a governing, incomprehensible Power! so weak are we: happily so, no doubt, for I don't wish to remove one of the harmonious evils from existence; yet I will

L 2

feed

feed on love, and ease every Brother of their heavy burthen where I can. O infinite bounty to Man ! I had rather possess such love, than all the riches and honour the Generals or Army could bestow. Indeed I could not be now a pandar to their passions, or seek their profit ; yet I could be religiously just, and minutely exact in short accounts. We have few WOLFES, tho' the wild pursuit of honour may be as culpable as that of riches. He who reduces the soul to justice, to love, would be a greater and more useful Conqueror than a CÆSAR or ALEXANDER. Few can taste this truth : *I enjoy it.*

Now, let me talk to you as a prudent Worldling. To be very rich, is to owe no Man a guinea ; to be temperate ; a self-denier of every pleasure 'till we can afford it in *ready money*. All this is an hateful prudence, impossible to be instilled into youth. You are too ambitious. A Subaltern to assist his Mother and Sisters ! They are more independent, and should rather assist you, unless an uncommon prize turned up : even then you should not raise them from happy industry. I attempted to serve *Betsy* twice, but could not get her to abide by a few excellent rules. She
is

is not qualified for a shop. Her Husband is very industrious and loves Farming, by which, I think, they could eat very sweet bread; and Sally ought to be with her as an industrious assistant, not the useless fine Lady. We are sadly prone to idleness, pride, and fine cloaths. In such an happy situation, a cow, a score of sheep, or an horse, would be a lucky windfall from any Friend. I have recommended this line to them.

George is too impetuous; he should write more prudently and circumspectly. His Letter to his Sister *Betsy* was opened by Mrs. ——. It ought not to do him harm; but justice will suffer from resentment. I will write to her on this subject, tho' my labour may be lost. I have wrote, and send you a copy. What vile temptation is gold! But it has produced many happy calamities and harmonious scenes, tho' Man suffers in the conflict. Were we not taught to pray, *Deliver us from evil*? I could scarcely behold one in this Heaven with health, bread, and justice; the justice of obedience from a worm to its Creator.

Adieu, my dear *Dick* ! In looking for an happy immortality ! the resurrection of the dead ! we may enjoy this life, and the hope of seeing you.

Your affectionate Uncle,

H. J. H.

To Mrs. J——.

DEAR MADAM, *Gould's-Green, 29th May, 1784.*

CONSULT your own interest, I beseech you, and that of your Children. Consider the case of *AHAB* : it is true, he was forgiven on repentance ; but his Children ! O think ! I plead not for trash. I can have no interest, not an atom, whether *George* possesses a guinea ; but I must humbly plead for justice to yourself, for your dear and lovely *H——*, &c. Ask yourself one simple question (for I look upon you as the sole Actor) : When Mr. J— acted the sacred character of a Trustee, Father, Friend, Brother, had you any view to self-

self-interest? Had you in prospect the idea that your Children might be benefited by the distressed situation of your Sister and her Son *George*? for I put her first Children out of the question: tho' had *George* died, it is very natural for her to hope for some benefit for them. Resign all idea of advantage, but your own, which you ought to have with gratitude. Was it necessary to put it up to sale, you and yours ought to avoid the purchase as a pestilence. Persevere in your trust; seek not to resign it. Pay no attention to the impetuosity of a Boy, who may live to thank you, and be grateful, tho' he may have no idea of justice as yet. Surely his Father's Creditors ought to have waited 'till the rents came in. What an hateful subject to me! But love induces me to attempt to heal every wound.

Be assured I am

Your true and affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

To R. O. B. L—, Esq.

DEAR L—,

London, August 2, 1784.

WILL you hear me? Think or attend a few minutes? No; intense trouble may open your eyes. Why do I vainly attempt it? Settle every account, however bad they may turn out; repentance may not come too late. Relinquish ambition. Listen not to the wants of others while you owe a guinea. Attend Divine Service. Pray, and keep the Sabbath. Judge of none, however hypocritically you may think others act.

I was in great pain yesterday; expected an heavy attack from the gravel, but was relieved soon: *Think on Death*. You may be a good Delegate, a true Patriot, with justice to the Poor, obedience to a Father, and love for All. A Capt. CULLEN is on Half-pay. We may be earthly and heavenly, without serving two Masters.

Your affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

No Methodist.

To

To Mrs. ELIZABETH WHITE, *Birr.*

MY DEAR BETSEY, *Dublin, 13th Nov. 1783.*

I RECEIVED your affectionate Letter. You are young in knowledge; are a stranger to the meanders of the human heart. Pride makes us approve and disapprove of each other. We will not be advised.

Judge not, condemn not, I will repay, saith the Lord.

If possible, live in love and charity with all Men. Be humbly silent, as to the trifling concerns of your neighbours. Look to Self. Study to obey; to submit; to have no will, in the first instance: then receive with humble gratitude a bequest (which must fill the soul with never-ceasing praises), *Love*. Seek the afflicted, the sick of the lowest degree; a word of comfort may do more good than any cordial. Enter the House of Mourning. Quote JOB; CHRIST! the sufferings of millions; that this life, tho' strewn with love and justice, is an happy scene of disappointments or evils. Evils they ought not to be stiled; for there can be
nothing

nothing but delight in obeying Omnipotence. What ! In the case of Mr. GARDINER ? Suppose thy Wife, thy Friend, a corpse. I cannot paint it, nor a painful body. Nature will speak, must cry out. I know of but one remedy, one cure, to allay such scenes: to pray; to heal others; to think in the time of health and prosperity; to attend Divine Service as often as possible, where wonders are revealed; truths that must dispel every sorrow, every mist, and reveal the wondrous gifts of Wife, Children, and myriads of comforts, so as to enjoy them temperately (not as *our* right), with a watchful eye to the Donor. Faith can obey. *Ask, and you shall receive.* You must not plead ignorance; of failing with the multitude to do evil; to have a will of your own. I tell you, you should not. I will cry aloud and spare not; with a paternal authority, yet with love to our blind nature. I will produce Divine Authority; the Prophets; CHRIST ! Think; there is no methodistical proud cant or opinion in this. Read the lviith Chapter of ISAIAH. Can't we act as there advised ? Can't we give largely ? Can't we keep the Sabbath ? Can't we rear every Child in cleanliness to industry ?

—milton

We

We can; we must own our transgressions; we do not think; *we know not what we do.* Do you never neglect Church. I cannot too often enforce this. Hear wonders with an awful submission; never covetous or curious about explications, or desirous that any one will or secret wish may be gratified. At the close of every prayer silently think,

Not mine, but Thy Will be done.

Since you are denied Public Service, read every evening the Lessons and Psalms of the Day. This cannot take up above half an hour from industry, relaxation, or pleasure. In a little time you will find this the most luxurious food. Think of your little-ones; give them good habits. It is not in human wisdom to prevent or remove evils: they are our happy birth-right; but we may attempt to be *just*; to owe no Man any thing but Love. This is *my* impious wish; *my* proud desire. Bend, stubborn Egyptian Soul; obey. I would humbly warn others of a Rock (tho' I may have been led to see from this Rock), which appears to me the only evil in existence, the only impediment to

Love and Adoration.

I am

I am still a vile Self-lover. I can still sigh! There is no filling this voracious maw. I am a Man, an happy Sinner; yet I will adore, praise, and give thanks. I will humbly attempt to obey. Can my soul dare to wish an iota to the heavenly scene? A sigh for Self is impiety, the worst of ingratitude in *me*. How dare I advise? to stem one evil? Thy bounty is my only plea. I thank Thee, O CHRIST, for the delicious nectar; my only buckler and safeguard! Shall I not distribute? I must, with humble zeal, remembering Thy miraculous gift and protection. Can I cease to wait on Thee? PETER did. I am a Man. I may be an happy Centinel. A true penitent is the first of pleasing pictures. Look at DAVID. Did ever joy exceed his joy? The Prodigal too? an offended Father reconciled. What amazing pictures! Think on them, and all the wonders of Omnipotence. All! an happy impossibility. Mind cannot, Ages cannot conceive them: Immortality may. O happy state of Man! a promised resurrection. What an awful theme! a certain truth. Be a Christian, and there can be no evil in the passage to eternity. Be one? Pray; read; mark; learn; inwardly digest.

Think

Think thereon. When ? how ? Two hours in a week, at least, alone. Pray as you were taught and commanded. Resign every burthen. Be diligent ; yet take no thought for to-morrow. Eat the sweet bread of industry ; and earn it to give, not to pamper your Children, or raise them to thoughtless ease.

In all time of our wealth !

Well may we pray (if we would pray) for protection under such a load, so great a temptation ! Yet so blind, so thoughtless are we, as to steer to this loadstone, tho' such ill use has been made of it in all Ages. I would put no spoke in the Wheel of Industry ; but add thereto, to give just bread to all.

Was I dictatorial, and did not feel for our infirmities, I could have been concise and peremptory in my prescription for justice and love ; which is true wisdom, and may produce Length of Days, Riches, and Honour. Let us pray for obedience ; gratitude and smiling peace will be the result.

Your affectionate Uncle,

H. J. H.

To

To the S A M E.

MY DEAR NIECE, *Dublin, 18th Dec. 1783.*

TO enter the House of Mourning, to attempt to console you on the Bed of Sickness, is a pleasing task. It is possible you may leave lovely Innocents to many temptations and pleasing sorrows : be not anxious about them. Should you live, all your care will avail nothing : it is a delightful task ; but they have a Creator. Resign them. Think where you are going. O that we would think thereon in health ! How delightful would the passage be then ! how lovely our Children, and every gift ! Pain may interrupt the scene ; but a merciful Creator can smooth it. Pray as Jesus taught. Resign your will. How weak it is to have any ! how unjust, if we could think ! We are frail beings. We must pity and forgive. Who does ? Look round ; every Mortal condemning and dictating to a Brother-Mortal. I should not regret your birth-day to an immortality : at any rate, we should have no will about it. You are no part of our property. You are lent us. We should and must repay.

Resign

Resign your Children into the *best* hands. Pray for strength, that you may humbly obey and resign your body and soul. *Kitty* and *Johnny* unite in prayers for you; not for your recovery, for I must never have a will, but that your bed may be as easy as a Christian's ought to be. Faith, Hope, and Charity, will produce wonders. O that we would keep the Sabbath, and feed thereon in health! It is possible you may recover. Should it be so, consider every day as your last. What a mighty fuss about such worms! If we will not voluntarily obey, we must be compelled. May we be blest! prays

Your affectionate Uncle,

H. J. H.

Love to Mr. WHITE. I really pity him. How useful it is to obey! May he pray for it!

To

To the S A M E.

DEAR BETSEY, *London, 3d Feb. 1784.*

READ, copy, and send mine to the Miss
BERRYS.

How difficult to preserve the soul in obedience, in the midst of business! But where should I have been? *What* should I have been without the blessing of love? O divine gift! What a luxurious possession, before I go hence and am no more seen of Men! I have been the most fortunate of Men. Can I forget the mercy shewn me? Can I ever lose sight of Heaven and Love, for filthy lucre, or weak ambition? Can I lose any time with thoughtless Men? With whom should I converse was I now in *Birr*? Innocent Children; for I cannot converse with Sabbath-breakers, who will not even hear or see into their folly (I may say with ISAIAH), their hypocrisy. Can Drs. DOWNES, SYNGE, or any of the Bishops, explain away a most clear, explicit, and loving command? which they pray to obey; yet break the next hour, after leaving the Lord's Table, who came to fulfil, not abolish the Law.

law. Do, my dear Niece, think of this; consider your Servants as Brethren, and suffer them to do as little as possible. Prepare your Sunday's dinner on Saturday; to be warmed, if necessary, so as to take up little time. I have been led to think thus since I saw you, without puritanical pride. Sober recreations and pastimes are not only innocent, but necessary, for the Labourer in proper hours, after they have attended Divine Service. Tho' it seems to be neglected by all, That can be no excuse for you. Indeed all the *Irish* I have seen have no idea of civilization, or they would not suffer the Poor to exist in such dirt and seeming wretchedness, tho' they are so strong and robust from nature. What is this to me? I own it. I don't mean to find fault, for I suppose it is the case with most Romish Countries. But your Town might support Thirty Parish Children, like most of the Parishes in Dublin. Mr. WHITE might set on foot a subscription for such justice. I will endeavour to promote them where I can. I can now boldly, yet humbly.

*Let His Light so shine before Men, that they
may see HIS good works (not Man's), and
glorify their Father.*

M

Some

Some may possibly see and hear, before they go hence. O wondrous blindness! to suffer one hungry, dirty, or ignorant Child, in a land of plenty! to deny Christ (I may justly say) bread; so very thoughtless have we been for ages. This is the burthen of my song: I must cry aloud and spare not. I wonder I can attend to any thing else. It is a doubt with me whether I ought, after being entrusted with such a talent. Children are my first object; the Sabbath shall be my next.

To feed the Poor,

To keep the Sabbath,

Is the chief of our duty in this Heaven. O what a luxurious scene does the FOUNDLING Chapel present here every Sunday! A heavy satire on Man; a most painful (tho' delightful) picture, to think there should be any of Christ's Children wanting this justice: yet we are so weak as to be pleased and accept of horrid thanks and adulations for wallowing in luxury; for what delight can exceed that of charity? I feel it the best of three gifts, for faith in a glorious immortality is more selfish; but to deny Self even enough, to give to him
who

who *wants* enough, is delicious food too. Self is blended in all. O for a *silent* adoration ! I may be so blest. The door of those lips may be shut, before Death closes them. My Friend would then say, " O that I could hear his loud " voice ! I would not fear his madness ; he did " utter truths."

Thursday Night, Nine o'Clock, 5th Feb.

BUSINESS does interrupt my divine views. I do not complain, tho' ; nay, I dare not wish for the least alteration ; all is wondrous harmony. Tho' I repent me of every ill I have committed, as a Sinner, and must commit, I hope for pardon, thro' Jesus Christ. O miraculous ! I may yet be as harmless as a Dove, without the cunning of the Serpent. I may turn Child again ; not thro' age, but in my intercourse with Man. I can promise nothing ; I can wish for nothing. I will endeavour to be all obedience ; to adore with a pure and humble heart ; to love and do what good I can. Seek your heavenly Father ; judge not ; find no fault. Read and return this to

Your affectionate Uncle,

H. J. H.

M 2

To

To Miss MARTHA-LOUISA SAUNDERS,
SAUNDERS-GROVE.

MADAM, *Gerriard-Street, London, Aug. 3, 1784.*

WHAT a luxurious breakfast ! I must instantly sit down and acknowledge a fresh scene of miraculous mercy. Yes ; your Letter of the 27th of June, 1782, was happily hid from me 'till this very morning. What a production ! Be just to wondrous gifts : tho' you have no merit, acknowledge the miraculous bounty. Where is your fellow ? I must yet kiss the hem of your garment, and on my knees thus adore your Creator with ten-fold rapture. He might preserve me humble under such transporting joy. I now tremble under the idea. Where will His mercy end ? In leading us to his Kingdom. But let us think on Earth, as well as Heaven. Where will you find an Husband ? Bounty is infinite. We may not set our affections here ; yet look at, and temperately enjoy the endless scenes, remembering their uncertainty, and that they happily depend on the great Giver. O let us have no will in the harmonious government ! *Thy Will be done.*

Amen.

Two

Two years, one month, and seven days to have elapsed since the date of your wondrous production, without my seeing or hearing of it! O happy,—fortunate delay! I was scarcely fit to peruse it sooner; tho' I have not been idle in the cause of Love and Justice. Read me thoroughly: it is *I* that have been weak and sinful; but miraculous Mercy has preserved me thro' happy toils, dangers, ambition, and unjust confidence in Man. No more on Self, but what gratitude excites.

Look at every picture with fear and prayer:

“Fear Him, ye Saints, and you'll then,

“Have nothing then to fear.”

A ROUSSEAU, VOLTAIRE, or all the wisdom of the Wise, cannot prevent Faith, Hope, and Charity; the possession of Christ's love. All our wisdom with respect to the Young is weak, without Religion, Christ's Religion! which is a clear and strong guide. WOLMAR's wisdom is a pleasing picture; so is the Christian's weakness; a frailty to be admired and forgiven, as Christ did the Adulterers. *Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.* Where is the philosophy to be found, to be put in any

competition with the miraculous wisdom recorded in the Old and New Testament? Truths as clear as the Sun, tho' a VOLTAIRE, for wise ends, could not see them, thro' the immense optics of Reason; earthly wisdom and prosperity hiding the Divine Rays.

Few read ROUSSEAU; and the few that do, I believe, may be benefited in their blind pursuit of earthly peace. A natural benevolence shines throughout, but nothing comparable to Christ's love: none but Him! His miraculous power can give it; and we must ask and pray for it, as He taught. We must daily seek it thus; if thro' any other medium, we cannot find it. Charity will then approach in her beauteous, majestic form, breathing love on all; excusing all; judging none; looking on all with meekness, temperance; bearing with all, as painted by St. PAUL. I hope to keep this love alive by thought, thro' you, as well as *His* Prayer. Indeed all other prayers are the produce of Man's pride and restless wisdom. Why have a will, when we were taught by Divine Authority to have none? Why deny His Children bread? Why not keep the Sabbath? We are Men; sinful Men! O transporting scene!

that

that such a young Female can read with safety vain wisdom, and make such just observations thereon! Suppose it turned out poison to a Sister, your Christian obedience would make you humbly submit under such an evil. You can only point out the blessed road to your own Children, without anxiety. A Christian can have only one just fear; the fear of having a will. No reliance on our own wisdom and prudence, tho' we may exert every faculty to preserve them from injustice.

But I will wave this subject for the present, and enter the House of Feasting. Be gay, my young Friend (O wondrous gift! Yes, I will prize you as a Friend, without praying or wishing for your life or peace, yet rejoicing in both); be gay with your Grandmother, Mother, and Sisters, when they are free from pain: even then shew them you can act the Christian, under the sweet feelings of nature, by a modest serene submission, praying only to deliver them from evil. Pain must produce mourning and thought, tho' not impious complainings, and unjust prayers; basely loving Self beyond our Brethren. We should look at human nature throughout the globe, not to a selfish spot; to

bow with humble, awful adoration, receiving at the General Parent's hands what has happened to our Fathers and our Brethren. Look here, with Christian faith. Thou little Cherub, look *here*! You do. Look stedfastly, my Child and young Friend, not to interrupt one joy in existence, but that you may be the more happy Wife, Mother, Daughter, Sister, Friend, and lover of ALL. None can contend with a Christian in luxurious enjoyments; they never sicken or pall the sense. Who is the most endearing Husband, the fondest Father? Every gift from above is held sacred and inestimable; particularly Love: His gift! Gratitude strongly operates on all our actions. We must naturally obey such miraculous mercy. In two words center all the riches of the East; all the combined happiness of Man—OBEDIENCE, GRATITUDE. These are words. Let us humbly pray to *act*;

To feed the Poor,

To keep the Sabbath.

Your affectionate Friend,

H. J. H.

Happily confined here, from air and exercise,
by thoughtless Man.

Nine

Nine o'Clock at Night.

I WAS too much exalted and enraptured,
for an old Man, at your Letter. I am weak.
I should be more humble and meek, yet rejoice
and do justice, by being grateful.

MANUSCRIPT FOUND, on a TREATISE
of the POOR LAWS.

On the BARBARITY of the PARISH-OFFICERS,
who suffered a YOUNG WOMAN to PERISH in the
PANGS of CHILD-BEARING in the STREET,
after being repeatedly applied to, either to pass HER
to HER own PARISH *, or afford HER some
RELIEF.

“ HASTE here, ye injur’d Ghosts, with me

“ to weep,

“ Assist me to express my sorrows deep ;

“ Come join with me your melancholy cries,

“ Let fall your grief in torrents from your eyes;

• Murder to pass her then.

“ Make

“ Make known my sufferings to the radiant Sun ;

"Inform the Stars what I have undergone.

"Let the pale Moon, who witness'd my last

...groan, and you are ...

"When my poor head lay helpless on the stone,

"As in her orbit monthly round she glides,

"Declare my Sufferings to the winds and tides;

“ Declare them to the Nations all around ;

"Let Tartars, Turks, and Heathens hear the

" found :

“ Make known to them, that Christians now

"surpass

“ In vile barbarity each other Clafs.

" This is the Land where ruthless rigours reign,

"Where Parish Popes their right to kill maintain.

“ On come, whoe’er a Mother’s Pangs did feel ;

"Come, with your cries arouse their hearts of

“ steel;—

"That ruthless Crew, appointed to relieve

“The helpless Poor, and in distress receive ;

“ Instead of which, in their unfeeling breasts,

"Oppression takes her seat, there reigns and rests ;

“And oft, what for the needy first was meant,

“ By them in revels and excess is spent.

"Oh lift, ye hearts of adamantine, lift,

“ If not to the loud cry of the distress’d,

"Yet

“ Yet to the Great Avenger, louder call,
 “ Listen before He lets His vengeance fall
 “ In justice, which should now ere long descend,
 “ And which His mercy only doth suspend.”

To the REV. Mr. WILLIAMS.

REV. SIR,

Gould's-Green, 19th July, 1784.

INSTANT relief came, thro' your interposition; but tho' administered by the proper channel, usurious tyranny of an Overseer (the Pest of this Kingdom), he cut and murdered by the sharp-edged cruel sword his tongue, vilely talking of a few moveables to a Christian on the eve of an happy eternity; necessities which the Poor ought to be encouraged and assisted to preserve. O horrible! I cannot forbear wishing that the Poor may be rescued from such unchristian low usury, and placed in the hands of Education and Fortune, who may have Deputies to assist, under the eye of Humanity. Had you seen the tears, the agonies-

nies his untimely words caused, (as painted by my Daughter, who was present), you must have felt more excruciating agony, your feelings being more refined.

I thank you for your attention.

Believe me to be,

With great respect,

REVEREND SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

H. J. H.

THOUGHTS

T H O U G H T S

INTENDED TO PROMOTE

CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,

LOVE, CHARITY, OBEDIENCE, &c.

A 26 6th July, 1783. Seven o'Clock Morning.

BUSINESS, or the natural depravity of my heart, prevents me from acting what I so much long for. Should I wish for any thing? O no! I forget the mighty blessings received; the mercies still shewn me, in the life lent me, for my Friend and Children; for health, bread, and justice. If Man still torments and robs the Poor, I should be content and resigned; I should humbly wait. I return to the vomit, under the idea or excuse of getting out of Hell the sooner. What may not custom do! I tremble. Why fear any thing? O yes! lest I forget my Creator, my miraculous Preserver; that I am a Christian. For three weeks I have scarcely thought; thought on the folly of wisdom and

and thinking ; tho' I have been at church, and thrice partook of mysterious blessings. May I have liberty to do so, and enjoy the sweet air ! You will still be coveting. I would covet Gratitude ; to know and consider that these are mighty blessings, with health. Can Man think of them till he is deprived of them ? I believe not ; I see none but craving, ravenous monsters. I myself forget to give incessant thanks. Such is our nature. May I be corrected then ! for it is the first of human joys to pour forth the soul in gratitude ; to obey. How can I forget this ? Because I will trust in Man ; have any intercourse with him, but to promote love and charity. Surely this is my only object. A Mr. NEWTON does not communicate with me ; has given me no answer, to assist me in the faith and practice of Christ. This is very unaccountable. Rely on Omnipotence alone. Look to the Fountain of faith and life. Consider on the myriads of gifts given ; that in the Bible I can communicate with Prophets, Saints, and the immediate companions of Christ. Would I know or have more ? O no ! yet I am not thoroughly cured of every desire. I wish to be free of Man ; of any pecuniary debt

debt or intercourse with Man. Wait patiently for such an uncommon great Blessing. Where is the Man that does not wallow in this mire ; or the worse of self-approbation ? O Creator ! wash me thoroughly ; take from me every desire, every pride. What delightful hours I have tasted under such a deprivation ! I will humbly hope for more. The power is infinite. How very conspicuous ! O that we could think thereon ! Am I earthly ? Yes ; too much so ! the most covetous Man alive. The last three weeks has unhinged me ; or I would not even hope for liberty. We are all vile sinners. We attempt to have a will. We might endeavour to do good, with an incessant eye to obedience. How impious in such worms to dictate ! Be silent, O my soul, and humbly adore !

10th Aug. 1783, Half past Eight at Night.

HOW infinite are the blessings showered on me ! what knowledge revealed ! yet what a weak, craving, sighing worm ! I humbly bow, and beg strength to obey, to submit. What thanks are due for the past ! how pleasant to pay ! This is justice. Why fear the time
to

to come ? Because I am a weak sinful Man ; tho' gratitude should bind *me* to be more obedient than any Man I have read of. A VOLTAIRE found fault with Man's tyrannous pride and weakness, without acknowledging the miraculous Power who opened his eyes. Are we not still proud and unjust ? We must be so, from our nature. SOCRATES fell a sacrifice to his pride, tho' his opinion might be more just and humane than the established customs of his Country. How vain to attempt to reform, since Christ did not ! Let us humbly bow, and wait our wondrous doom. O that I could be a Christian in deed ! Why not ? Resign thy burthen, thy will, thy wisdom. Are you not a living example of His governing, creative, and preserving power ? I am, tho' a worm, a mite of no seeming value. Is it not pride to be so careful, so anxious about this worm ? I am warned to consider of my latter end ; to watch and pray. I will humbly do so ; not presuming to have a will. Should we, after such an instructor ? O VOLTAIRE ! why not paint the blessings of Christianity, tho' His gifts have been so abused by sinful Man ? Why not defend the happy evils of existence ? for, since

Christ

Christ did not alter our nature, they are the only means of our tasting of love and gratitude. Had such a pen painted his gifts and the justice of content (if the Labourer had his just share), how conspicuous our blessings might have been to every mind ! Such a Man may yet appear ; who may declare that riches to a State or Individuals are not blessings, without justice and temperance. Can a rich Man possess them ? Look round, times past and present ; where has there been one without a will ? Who has lived one day with the simplicity and innocence of a Child ? O Man, Man ! let us acknowledge our sinful state, and not attempt to soar so high. It is a pleasing attempt too, if conducted with humble obedience. *Thy Will be done.* O the Framers of such a Prayer ! The Fathers never descanted on such a gift, but proudly added and formed new ones. O ye Sons of Men, could we have resigned our pride, and implicitly received the plain, simple, short, divine doctrine of Christ, so emphatically described in His short Sermon, what endless disputes and nonsensical controversies would have been avoided ! and the Labourer would have had a just share of his earnings and his Creator's

N

gifts.

gifts. This was not to be, nor shall I see the day. I humbly submit. But can I court murderous, thoughtless Man? Can I contend with him for riches? the produce of such injustice! They are blind. Eyes have they, and see not. *They know not what they do.* O Divine Knowledge! O purify my soul from pride; fill it with love and justice; with obedience and gratitude. I will humbly rest under Thy protection. *Thy Will be done.*

Six o'Clock Monday Morning, 8th Sept. 1783, at Kensington.

HOW long have I neglected being alone, and communing with my own heart! to consider the wonders of creation; yet I have tasted vast delights. Surely Man was never more blest! I have felt the divine obedience; my soul has glowed with gratitude, and dilated with love. I have partook of every joy under Heaven; I pant for or covet no more, tho' the prospect opens. I must, with an humble adoration, wait on the Author of such mercy. Can any state be so perfect as a Christian? I cannot conceive a better could be on earth. A repentant Sinner! O divine joy here
for

for an immortal Soul ! O the privileges of a Christian ! How few do we see ! how few enjoy the benefits ! to have no will, no desires ; to take no thought for the morrow ; to lay down the heavy burdens. O what sweet content we may possess ! Bounties are infinite. Obedience ! I ask or seek no more.—*Thy Will be done.* What a gift ! to see into the power of Omnipotence ; our own nothingness in the mighty whole ; to look at Death as the only door to Knowledge and true adoration. These are divine gifts ; to resign even the rich luxury of Charity, by not coveting the choicest enjoyment longer than the Giver pleases. How serenely delightful ! All other joys pass on the sense. O the sweets of Christ's love ! This only fills the soul. Every hour of a long life must be serenely grateful. His bequest produces a willing obedience.

*O lead me, where'soe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death !*

So far I may humbly pray, without being too great a Self-lover.

Six o'Clock, Thursday Morning, 11th Sept. Eve of 48.

O OMNIPOTENT Creator ! endue my soul with gratitude for Thy miraculous preservation ; for the scenes and sweets of Faith, Hope, and Charity, Thou hast permitted me to taste of. O continue to purify my soul from pride, as far as this Tabernacle of Sin will permit ; make me a watchful, obedient Servant. Can such a worm, who has been so blest, cease to obey ? O yes ! yet I will humbly hope. Whom do I love but Thee ? All Thy creatures ; but not even my Friend, as the giver of any good. Thou hast taken from me every desire of Riches and Friends. What miraculous truths Thou hast revealed to me ! How many precious hours I have enjoyed ! adoring, praising, and giving thanks ; free from superstition, or an impious coveting of Thy bounties. How pure I have felt ! serenely joyous. I must shew forth my gratitude, while health permits. Even on the bed of sickness I may be just. I can promise nothing. O make me sensible of my weakness ! How lately did I fall into a snare by my presumption ! I swore what I could not perform. May I think of this ! Watch and pray !

May

May I think of Thy protection and wondrous gifts ! Thou hast made one contented Man. O Immense Power ! I humbly bow, and receive with awful gratitude. I will consider, only to make me more obedient. Can't I watch Thy high behests ? Thy wonders of old ? Thy sudden and tremendous calls on Man ? pleasingly tremendous ! O when shall we think ! To what end ? To make us just, obedient, grateful, and temperate Children. Do I know one ? No, not one ! Shall I dare to covet such a pre-eminence ? I may humbly seek it without assuming any merit, or even a hope of a mortal being so perfect. I may humbly seek a just man to communicate with me ; to descend on justice ; to cry aloud and spare not, *with love*. What, not one Clergyman to be bold enough in the Creator's cause ! What vast plenty given ! how abused ! Can a just Man possess too much ? Can he enter into the controversies of thoughtless, complaining Man ? Is it so difficult to be just ? At Messina, I believe, the Remains had a share : the eyes of the Rich who survived must have been opened, and they felt themselves Brethren of the happy Labourer. . . O Man, Man ! cannot we take

warning unless Self is afflicted ? I believe not; such is our nature. I may forget immense mercies. I do! I sleep away half my time. I do not watch. We are all sinful creatures.

*O lead me, wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death !*

Think of thy preservation, thro' so many storms and tempests ; of the power, the cause, of the many blessings I still possess, tho' I lost two Children. How lost them ? They were not mine, but their Creator's, who lent them ; so are all. I hope to resign all, and rejoice in obeying Thee. This is Thy due, and ought to be my delight. I may taste another year of sweet obedience ; nay, I may twenty, and vigorously obey, praise, and give thanks. Thy mercy is infinite. O Lord, lead my Friend to Thee.

Even of 48, Seven o'Clock Evening, at Gould's-Green, 1783.

I SIT down to think ; to acknowledge with humble thanks my existence, particularly here in a state of honour, and free ; full of love too. O miraculous Providence ! there is no end of Thy bounty. My prayers have been heard,
and

and granted. Can I presume to seek another blessing, or ask a longer continuance of the many I possess? No; I cannot in justice. I must now obey from love, choice, and gratitude. This gift may be added to the many bestowed. It is true, I have drank deep of delicious nectar; but it is unjust to covet such a pre-eminence over unthinking Brethren; besides, it is an intrusion on the Source of all. Should I have any will? O presumptuous folly! Adore; submit; obey; pray as Christ taught; receive the mighty privilege. Why talk to Man? I would acknowledge and make known Thy gift; I would spread abroad Thy love. Can I seek the praise of Man? Can it possibly affect me? Can I be such a robber as to take an iota from Thy mercies? Thy gifts? Can Man give me aught? They might poison; they might corrupt. O guard me; purify my soul from pride; from every injustice; the injustice even of hiding Thy talents. I will humbly wait on Thee. What Thee? An incomprehensible *I AM!* a Creator to be known only in death. Yet how delightful to praise and give thanks with this body! this lump of clay! Can any pleasure exceed gratitude? A

repentant Sinner can only feel it. O happy state ! O fortunate evils ! that stop us in our impetuous career. I see nothing but harmonious beauty; even if there were more Calabrias. Justice and gratitude may be produced thereby; and a sweet obedience to such immense power. Should we court life longer than the Author of life appoints ? Could we think, we could not be so absurdly impious. We may struggle to disentangle us from danger, with an humble eye of submission.

O that Man would consider his latter end !

Why not take such paternal advice ? It would not stop nor clog one of the wheels of existence : it might prevent a party at cards. O divine freedom ! What an happy exchange ! from death to life. Thought is existence. To love, to obey, is to live. All who could see, would love and live. Can I value myself on the possession ? Not a whit ; tho' gratitude should produce incessant praises. If I am blest or preserved beyond my Brethren, some of my progenitors may have been the cause. Sure I am that no prudence, no merit of mine, deserved such mercies. O make me sensible of this truth,

truth, that I may humbly and awfully receive.
O wondrous Author of Man !

*Before thou wert formed in the womb, I knew
thee.*

This truth must bend our stubborn necks,
to obey with an awful chearfulness. May I
daily think thereon, and vindicate all I see and
hear ! There can be no evil in existence. Not
from Man to Man ? They are trifling, and only
momentary. This Heaven is full of injustice
and contention : happy that it is so, for all
must be right. Yet this should not restrain
me from telling my Brethren of their blind-
ness, and attempting to lead some to view jus-
tice and to possess love. CHRIST did clearly
point out the road, and concisely told us what
would produce blessings. O that we would
consider those truths ! I neglect them. We
are frail, sinful beings. Happy doors for re-
pentance ! May I praise and give thanks ! may
my Friend join me ! O Omnipotence ! I most
humbly call to mind some of Thy gifts and
mercies. I cannot recount them : they are mi-
raculous. Yes ; such a worm inhabits an
Heaven without coveting another day O how
my

my soul rejoices for this blessing ! Obedience and gratitude are given ; love and justice also. O yes ; I love them beyond any possession : I have faith too. I believe in miracles ; in the GOD of ABRAHAM, ISAAC, and JACOB ; in JESUS CHRIST ! all is apparently true. *The power and the glory is thine.* What have I further to ask ? Bread ; forgiveness ; to have no will. O happy state ! delightful prelude to eternity. Thou canst preserve me in this placid, just state, while this trunk moves. *Thy Will be done.* Amen. Hallelujah. O may my Friend be so blest ! Look into Eternity another time. Reconnoitre Death to-morrow. To-morrow ! It is in Thy gift.

Seven o'Clock Morning, Gould's-Green, Sept. 12, 1783.

JUST entered my forty-ninth year. Many live long, but few content and just. How greatly blest have I been ! I have endured happy storms, the produce of obedience and love. This has filled my cup. What wondrous mercy ! I have now nothing to do, but to look for my miraculous Preserver ; to feed on His love ; to wait for death ; to recount His gifts ; to consider of the myriads of wonders past,

past, present, and to come. I may walk under the shadow of His wings. O Infinite Power! this worm must submit! How pleasing to submit! thro' prayer. Let me examine my wants and wishes. I want nothing. I possess health and bread. I have only one wish, to have done with Man about money-concerns: even here I humbly bow, and wait Thy will. This divine submission has alone preserved me. Are you of any moment in the great scale? None; scarcely perceptible: yet my passions may be tuned to justice.

*Seven o'clock Sunday Morning, Sept. 14, 1783.
at Montpelier-House.*

O INFINITE wonder! how various is Man! A true Christian should have no will. How few there are! but in outward appearance. Find no fault; look at home, Pray for Self and Family; endeavour to live as a Christian, and rear them such, in justice, love, and temperance, particularly in an humble obedience. What gratitude must possess a true Christian! I can scarcely forbear crying out, "O that I had been free from Man!" tho' such
a wish

a wish is unjust; for I should receive my share of ills. But this interrupts the divine view. I must be content. This very evil may have opened the heavenly door. It certainly did. Be full then. Surely Man was never more blest, nor enjoyed more luxurious days and years. Think of the past, and submit the future to the Author of Man. O that I may prove obedient! Pray in the fullest and most comprehensive words. Consider the Immense Power; the Author of Love, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Have I not taken large draughts of the divine nectar? Be content, then, and wonder at such mercy. It ought not to be of any moment what future evil befalls me. Obey then, and be a Christian; enjoy the vast privilege in any state; shew thy gratitude for the past, by a chearful submission. O the blessings of Christianity! Surely they should be spread, or told of, in all countries with love. What zealous, faithful obeyers would the native Americans make! They only want this faith to make them earthly Gods. Time may produce this, unless the Arts and Sciences should corrupt and debase them into voracious wolves; to neglect their Brethren.

O let

O let me acknowledge our crimes with an humble adoration ! I do not complain or find fault, tho' we are disobedient, covetous Christians. I, the worst ! O yes ! I who have had such peculiar mercies and talents lent me. I must submit to my nature, and hope to be more obedient. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence ! Consider them with humble adoration and gratitude.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

O consider that Wisdom has said so ; that every heart must own it. What have I not felt from religion ! what joys in worship ! in the effusions of gratitude at Christ's Table ! O Man, Man ! more cannot be given you.

Two o'Clock.

JUST come from an Heaven on Earth. It is a question, whether there is an evil on Earth, but injustice. It is true, Man is born to trouble. Happy troubles ! for they open the door to repentance. A true penitent cannot covet another enjoyment : he sees that all

is

is divine harmony ; he attempts to relieve and heal where he can ; he opens the door to eternity, by proving that the ways of Providence are most wise, just, and best ; and that our own wisdom can only be evinced by our obedience and awful submission. Pain cannot be pleasant, but may be bearable, as absolutely necessary to eternity ; which if we would frequently have in view, evils or troubles would vanish like smoke, untraceable. If Man would consider his enjoyments, and the numberless blessings bestowed, he would find that more than half of his days at least were delightful, tho' we were born to trouble. If this is our lot, which every considerate Man must own to be just, sure we ought not to complain under any trial. The nature of Man is to complain and covet, or we should find those with health and abundance grateful, and not throwing them away. Man is an unjust animal, therefore full of trouble. Can a Christian complain ? He marches to a certain goal with an humble composure, rejoicing in such a mighty blessing and privilege : he loves his Children, feels the heavenly gift, enjoys them without fearing their loss, hoping only they may prove just.

just. Shall a Pagan (a Savage as they are unjustly called by savage Christians who deny Christians bread) excel a true Christian in obedience and fortitude? O that we could be modest, and adore the Author of such resolution, such strength (such faith it must be), without vaunting over them, for the benefits of the Arts and Sciences! It is true, we cannot be too grateful for such gifts; but we cannot feel the mighty benefit, when we gormandize on them, and covet more, denying, at the same time, enough to labouring Brethren. Such is the true picture of a Christian, worse by far than the Indian American, if we weigh the talents lent to each. *'Till I see no helpless Babe clinging to its famished Mother's breast,* in this Heaven of plenty, I will cry aloud and spare not; I will own our transgressions and sins. A more horrid country I know not, full of sin and covetousness; yet what delightful scenes do such sinners go thro'! Our Legislation is full of corruption.

Half past Eight.

THEY run in debt; they grant laws for gaming; they neglect the Sabbath; they deal
in

in usury. What is all this to me? Such are our sins, and such our nature. I can't hope for a reformation, but thro' the divine power. Happy evils may open our eyes, *to do justice, to love mercy, and walk humbly with God.* What a bear-garden has the Legislature made a commercial City! A scene of gambling; not one Senator to shew the true picture: all have caught the dire disease, covetous of base trash; forgetful of real blessings, health and bread; Faith, Hope, and Charity. Immense blindness! Well may Methodists multiply, and fly from such vile slavery; but they should have mercy, and judge not. *Eyes have they, and see not; ears, and hear not. They know not what they do.* What divine harmony proceeds from this seeming disorder! O Power immense! tho' Thy decrees are happily unsearchable by proud Man, they are (to an humble and obedient Christian) most clear, pure, and perfect. A sick-bed and death removes the film, opens the everlasting doors; where I humbly hope for mercy to *all.* This faith is impressed on my soul, thro' Jesus Christ.

Hope

“ Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions
 “ soar,
 “ Wait the great Teacher, Death, and God
 “ adore.”

O for a silent patience ! for a disentangle-
 ment from one evil ! that I may begin to live
 once more, if it be Thy will. May I take no
 part in the future concerns of Men ! not even
 of my own Children, but in painting the sweets
 of Justice. I may enjoy this sweet freedom in
 a prison.

How bountiful is God ! *Hallowed be Thy
 Name.* O Father, forgive me ; — lead me to
 Thy Kingdom. How finely has St. Paul ex-
 plained the *How* to proud, curious Man ! His
 Conversion and CHRIST prove Thy creative,
 governing power, without expletives. Our
 very birth proves it. An humble spirit can
 conceive the whole. O miraculous Power !
 accept the warmest praises of my soul, for com-
 municating so much ; for all Thy wondrous
 gifts ! O consider them ! Obedience, Love,
 and Gratitude, must be the consequence. Watch
 and pray. Death will come, and lead me to
 the joy of my Lord and Saviour. Tho’ a great
 sinner, I will humbly hope in the mercy of the
 Giver of love. Think with me, my Friend,

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in an humble cottage, or in a prison, on those divine truths. May we be so blest ! May our Children be filled with Christ's love ! may they obey ! To their Creator let us humbly commit them.

Gould's Green House, 26th April, 1784; Half past Nine at Night.

LET me record the day with humble gratitude on our return to this Paradise. Was ever worm so blest ? Tho' my Friend grumbles and growls, I could not wish an iota of the past altered. She cannot feel as I feel. I humbly submit. O my Creator and Preserver ! O Giver of love ! may I incessantly adore and obey ! Surely my own Friend cannot impede this justice. I should be more silent.

Tuesday Morning, 27th April, 1784.

WHAT a good night's rest we both had, in a lonely house, without furniture*, except one man, without a morsel of bread ! What health we enjoy ! What vast delights I do ! If we looked round, and on the past, how very

* A rich Banker had seized all for the Debt of another, tho' he had land security.

grateful we ought to be ! All is divine harmony. With health, bread, and my Friend, I must be full. O that we would consider Thy gifts ! We abuse them for want of thought. Were we ready to resign them at Thy call, we should enjoy them with greater purity and gratitude. I will humbly think, and pray for my Family.

With what delight I have read part of *my* Thoughts (on the wonders of Christianity), by SOAME JENYNS (I believe a Lord of Trade), more accurately expressed. To meet with such productions by accident is great luxury ; for glad I am to hear of such a Defender of Love ; of a religion, that the heart of Man cannot conceive such another Heaven ; such a production ! Tho' few receive it in the perfection as painted by JENYNS, I cannot suppose but the blind may be led in due time to taste of and see divine felicity. CHRIST died to save *all*. Can JENYNS or I presume to any merit in receiving His love ? With what modesty should we partake of the luxurious feast ! endeavouring to distribute, particularly to infant Children. If he had boldly pleaded their cause, it is possible he might have induced the Rich, the Nation at

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large,

large, to be just; to rear them all. Tho' all cannot possess love here, for this was to be a scene of war and discord (what a conviction, of forgiveness of injuries from blind Brethren!), yet we might attempt to give the Poor a just share of immense, vast, and numberless bounties.

One o'Clock, Sunday, May 2.

In terra quies.

SURELY a Christian ought, and might, by His all-powerful grace, be at rest on earth. He will give to those who ask by faith. Has he not given me love? Do I even find fault with one of my blind Persecutors? Robbers of the Poor! Me they cannot injure. My joy, my riches, my glory, are placed in Him; my Saviour and Redeemer! He gave me all; obedience and humility too, thro' which I can clearly see and bow under every scene, scarcely stifling any occurrence an evil, preparatory to His Kingdom. Thro' pain and sorrow comes joy. Who would not be a Mother? Would any Parent not wish her Child thro' those natural sufferings which produce health and strength? Would I not have been a Prodigal?
a Sin-

a Sinner? O wondrous harmony! Bow, proud Man: be just, or submit. Submit we must; but how delightful to obey, from a filial sense of Infinite power and beneficence! from gratitude for wondrous bounties! But few receive or can taste of them! Shall I who have been so blest, covet more at His hands? No! I dare not be so impious, as to unhinge the divine harmony. I must obey, and willingly receive my just share of the pleasing rubs or ills of life. He may deliver me from the evil of want, and murmuring; of covetousness. Can any want in this land of plenty? Many do, from *our* fault. This is an evil, an evil I humbly submit to; yet I have told, and will represent our blindness, hoping to strew His love; to let His light shine. I am full. He will even defend me from the praise of Men. Can the blind lead me astray? Can I forget the Converter of St. Paul? my Preserver? who has given me all? Yea, a Mother may forget her young; but, He may be about my path, and about my bed! I may be blessed in the field, blessed in the city, blessed for ever and ever! O divine love! Thus shall the Man be blessed who feareth the Lord. I am so blest. I must be just

in owning His mercy ; His bounty to Man !
 Give of thy abundance : lend unto the Lord.
 Can we refuse the Lord His own ? We do !
 we are so blind. We suffer little Children to
 hang on their famished Mothers breasts : and
 those who attempt to remove this evil in part
 are so blind as to think it charity, and receive
 thanks, taking from the only Donor, leading
 the dear Innocents astray. Would they be less
 obedient, diligent, and grateful servants, were
 they taught that no praise or thanks were due
 to Men ? but to their Heavenly Father. We
 are Men. Pride besets us on all hands. I may
 be too proud : no doubt I am ! I must be.
 May I be justly proud of His mercy ! *who for-*
giveth all my sin, who healeth all my infirmities.
Praise Him, O my soul (with DAVID), and all
that is within me, praise His holy Name. Praise
the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His Bene-
fits. Yea, as long as He lends me health, will I
 praise the Lord. Obedience and gratitude will
 lead me thro' this Heaven to His Kingdom.
 O transcendent goodness to Man !

Goula's-

*Gould's-Green, Saturday Night, May 3,
Half past Ten o'Clock.*

AFTER an half-hour's thought alone, I will retire, with humble thanks for the mercies of the week, conscious of my weakness, and the apparent neglect of Love, of Thought, and Gratitude. I may return to the vomit of cares and ambition.

Seven o'Clock, Sunday Morning, 9th.

I MUST not be anxious for to-morrow, but resign life and all to the Giver, and be as simple and innocent as a child ; which is, being new-born, regenerated, made His child by adoption and grace. His power is infinite. O the miracles of creation ! Watch and pray. Yes, O Lord Jesus ! they who will not, cannot love Thee with that zeal and gratitude Thy miraculous gifts command. He knew our nature. I will humbly pray as He taught. Be silent, O my soul ; consider thy nature, and obey ; wait for His Kingdom ; have a just eye there ; and to this end watch. Be advised by JESUS CHRIST. How full of love He was for Man ! We may humbly contemplate His

words and actions as Man; but it is soaring too high to think of, or attempt to comprehend His divine state, beyond what He condescended to inform us. A CHRIST risen! His appearance! Think of these wonders, O my soul, and on a promised Immortality. How pure must my adoration and obedience then be! Can I neglect so great salvation? Can I shut mine eyes and ears against such pleasing truths? I may! O wondrous Man! be not one of the Many; be not covetous; submit to thy nature; adore; obey.

One o'Clock.

IT is somewhat difficult, in the midst of every luxurious enjoyment, with health, a lovely Family, in this Paradise, to resign life and all with an humble, chearful obedience; but nothing is impossible. Grace may abound. Such an example might be given to Man. I must not covet such a peaceful pre-eminence. Tho' I would humbly obey, I ought to receive my share of the storms of life. Tho' I feel the force of JESUS CHRIST's doctrine, that they who give up their life, shall save it; and tho' vast
bles-

blessings attend His virtues ; they who would
 practise them for the sake of those blessings,
 and not from pure love and gratitude, would
 be base cowardly Self-lovers. They who
 would give with a view to receive again in
 His Kingdom, would be a Stranger to His
 love and charity, as truly painted by St. PAUL.
 They who can resign their life to the Author
 and Giver of life, thro' His love and gratitude,
 not even coveting another day of adoration or
 admiration of His wondrous gifts, arrive the
 nearest to Christian rectitude. Surely I should.
 I can promise nothing ; I must covet nothing ;
 yet I may humbly hope, and view His won-
 drous arm. Surely it cannot be difficult to
 obey ! What says Pain ? Love can repel it,
 and look on it not as an evil, but the road to
 Immortality. There can be no evil in life
 but disobedience ; having a proud will to di-
 sturb the divine harmony and ordinances of
 Omnipotence. Think thereon, O my soul,
 and praise the Lord : *Forget not all His Benefits ;*
who forgiveth all thy Sin, and healeth all thine
Infirmities. What would you more ? O
 thoughtless Man ! We could not invent more to
 ask or receive. All, all has been given ; on
 only

only one condition, That we ask, search, and seek; that we watch and pray. Here we can certainly find and possess inestimable riches, which none can rob and steal; pure substantial riches too! that will procure health and luxurious bread. They who fear the Lord shall possess the Earth and all manner of good things; length of days, riches and honour. What! not believe the Author of riches! Tremble, O my soul; fall down before thy Heavenly Father. O, my Children, think. Fear Him. Whom? what? An incomprehensible wonder, whom JESUS CHRIST permitted us to stile Father. What bounty to Man! Think, my Children; receive the mighty gift. Shall I be anxious for your welfare? You are His, not mine. I may point out the divine scenes, by His permission. Look at them; think of them; be luxuriously alive; enjoy your eyes and ears; receive His gifts. *A New Commandment I give unto you; LOVE*; the key of Obedience and Gratitude. Tho' you should suffer, bear and endure all things; you will scarcely stile them sufferings and evils. You should gladly do as He did, and obey His will. He will give grace and strength to do so. Is not this passage an Heaven then?

then? Your Mother, my Friend, cannot so view it as yet; I cannot expect the Young will. But the time may come, when the perusal of this may sooner open your eyes. No; Man will not hear; no, not if one rose from the dead; not even JESUS CHRIST! whose Sermon alone, of scarcely fifteen minutes, is a perfect model of rectitude. Well, my Boys, I have no fear for you; nor will I plague you with my wisdom. I must bear with you, as I have with Self; and forgive you seventy times seven, as I have Self; but I should never have done so, had it not been for a divine Instructor. O bless my Children! *Lead them not into temptation: Deliver them from evil..* I was taught and desired to pray thus. All other prayers and desires are the effect of pride and impious interference in the harmonious government. Hallelujah. Hallelujah. Amen.

Thursday Morning, 13th May, Half past Seven o'Clock.

ON what an Heaven are we placed! how full of sweet variety! To consider the immensity of this Globe, how very little, yet how harmonious are the cares of each individual!
There

There can be no evil on this Globe, would we be just and obedient. However we may complain, the harmony will subsist: the seasons change, and produce sweets innumerable. Expand, my mind, over the mighty Whole; and tho' Self is a mere nothing, forget not the mighty benefits, nor to spread His love. I am formed for the happy task. Ambition with Man is lost, I covet nothing. I am full. How very happy has been my lot! "Of His deliverance I will boast," without exulting or feeling the least pre-eminence.

14th May, Eight o'Clock Morning.

COMMUNE with thy heart, in thy chamber alone. Think on thy Creator; on the wonders past and around you; on His miraculous gifts and preservation of me! thro' so many perils; the perils of wisdom, cunning, injustice, and dangers of many kinds from my birth till now. Surely I should wed myself to Love, and diligently perform the pleasing duty. How Thy wondrous arm led me to relieve a Stranger from America! Wait upon Him, O my soul. In prosperity, every hour

of

of thy future existence, think how thou canst best obey and receive His New Commandment—
Love. O merciful Creator! make me Thy diligent Servant. I fear my nature. Watch and pray then. Think on His mercies. Gratitude must compel thee to declare the wonders He has wrought for Man. Shall not one be found faithful and diligent? to obey, to submit thro' every scene? to spread His love? Awake, awake, my soul, to love and justice.

15th May 1784. *Nine o'Clock at Night.*

AFTER a disagreeable struggle to get rid of one contest with a proud obstinate Man, I will endeavour to recollect myself. Why find fault? Look to Self. Is it difficult to enlist and fight under the banner of Love? I surely ought. Her beauteous arm has led me thro' a sea of troubles, an host of dangers and enemies. O where should I have been but for CHRIST's Love! Can you hesitate to spread it? Can I pay the least attention to Man, but where I can serve Him? Give or send thy *Letter*, and *Thoughts on Charity and Justice*, to the good Bishop. How humble and devout
 he

he seems ! how happy in his humble Wife and sweet Children ! Even he might be led to taste more deeply of Charity, which shines in their very countenances. What divine pictures ! Thro' what scenes of murder have we been brought to behold Divine Love ? Look at her while it is day ; lose not one important hour. Gratitude must urge me. Can I desert her peaceful arms, for contests with a SCHOMBERG ? for any wise schemes or unjust desires ? I may. I can promise nothing. Watch and pray, without coveting more peace than a SCHOMBERG or a L——— enjoys. Judge of none. Humble me. Think, O my soul, on thy merciful and miraculous Protector. Obey Him, and love all His Creatures.

16th, Sunday Morning, Seven o'Clock.

ASK, and you shall receive. What can I ask more ? By love, *all* has been given me. I can never interfere in the harmonious, miraculous Government of Man and this Globe. I may watch and pray to obey the Author of Love. Be this my only care. In all things else be as humble and innocently simple as a Child.
Look

Look at the mighty Whole, thousands of Ages past ; on Death ; on His wondrous gifts to Man : then Self must be as a sucking Infant, differing in nothing but an awful adoration and obedience ; taking temperate draughts of love and the vast luxuries of this moment ; taking no thought for the morrow. Thou hast taken every burden from me—Oh ! why from me ? among surrounding wise cares. Humbly receive. Enquire not into Divine Government. *O Death, where is thy Sting ?* Christ plucked it out. There can be no evil in the passage to His Kingdom, but disobedience ; the having a proud will, tho' we are early taught His Prayer, that *Thy Will be done*. O miraculous contradiction ! but such is our nature. I look at the picture with humble awe and submission, not daring to find fault. Our cares may have added to the beauty of this Heaven. Shall I cry out ? O that the Poor had enough of the bounty given ! Try to obtain them this justice from thoughtless Man, with an humble submission, feeding on His love, resigning them and all to their Great Creator ; for He loves the Poor. He exalteth the humble and meek ; He filleth the hungry with good things.

things. O His mercy is infinite ! *Hallowed be His Name.* Eternal Hallelujahs be sung for the wondrous gifts, thro' Jesus Christ. Amen. Amen.

Gould's-Green, Quarter past Nine o'Clock at Night.

SURELY I possessed an Heaven this day ; was full of adoration at The FOUNDLING. How is our life full of trouble ? *I* cannot so behold it. All is divine harmony. It is true, we murdered Christ ! we murder each other ; and we deny Him bread ! enough of his own amazing bounty. Few see their conduct in this just view. This hoodwinks us from beholding the wondrous Heaven Man is placed in ; from acknowledging the plenty given. In the eye of Justice, is there an evil in existence ? None, surely. Death can be no evil. *Deliver us from evil.* What evil ? The evil of disobedience ; covetousness ; of having a will ; from pride ; judging our neighbour ; our Brother ; our own flesh. If we are born in sin, and to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards, surely we should love, pity, and assist our Brother. Can a Christian behold an evil ? His love is balm
on

on every occasion. The sight of Immortality, the entering His Kingdom, would alone smooth every passage. Our blindness, our injustice, cannot make that an evil, which is the cause of good, or obstruct the beauty of the Heavens. Suppose an Army is destroyed ; a Fleet lost ; a Country desolated ; as the will of Heaven, we should humbly obey ; awfully consider our nature ! With health and bread, restored to such a Paradise, can I but behold this Earth and all around me as an Heaven ? Can I cease to praise and give thanks to Him, *who forgiveth all my sin, who healeth all mine infirmities* ? Can I cease to obey and love Him in the hour of pain and death ? Can I think any thing an evil that comes from His merciful hand ? There is no evil in obeying. He can give grace and strength : He can make my bed easy. I will trust in Him : I will feed on His love while here, and hope for a glorious resurrection. He has given me Faith, Hope, and Charity here ; what may He not give in His Kingdom ! Yes ; *Thine is the Kingdom : Thine the Power and Glory*. What an happy servitude to wait on Thee ! to perform Thy Will ! to

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obey

obey the Giver of Love; to possess such a gift, such a transcendent beauty!

19th, Wednesday Morning, Nine o'Clock.

TWO days nearly lost, without doing good! I am too covetous of luxury. Humble me, O Lord; purify my soul! Let it be as a watchful and clean Servant, ever ready to obey and enter Thy Kingdom. O give me understanding to think on, and see into Thy wonders of old! those incomprehensible, yet clear and true miracles wrought thro' JESUS CHRIST. O cleanse my soul for such divine contemplations! Yet not mine, but *Thy Will be done*. I am too covetous. Think on the mercies received; enough to fill a moderate humble Man. I should be as an Infant, ready to be led where He pleases, incessantly praising and giving thanks.

Saturday Morning, 22d May, Half past Six o'Clock,
Gould's-Green.

WAS ever Man more blest? This must be my daily cry. Mercies surround me on every side.

side. Thousands possess more riches; but they are blind to Gratitude, Mercy, Humility, to Love and Charity. *They know not what they do*; still coveting. O miraculous mercy to me! I have felt the joys of a Christian, the blessings annexed to CHRIST's virtues. Spread and diffuse them. Have a BANKS, a SOLANDER explored new (how new?) Countries (as old as we), to civilize, to give them the blessings of existence, thro' Christ, by leaving marks of its sweet simplicity, *Love!* But in those yet uninformed Countries, they are not so savage, so blind as we, denying Christ bread, suffering Children to starve on their famished Mothers breasts; and what is worse, more blind, being pleased, receiving thanks for a partial justice, stiled Charity; a justice which the Legislature ought to give. Are there not many among us, in this spot of knowledge, wholly ignorant of their Saviour? It is true, they have ears, and may hear; but a law might be enacted for teaching them *all* to read of the wonders of their creation, and to praise with DAVID on a Sunday. They should have civilized habitations, decent clothing; all which industry would produce, without trade or foreign commerce, the weak

excuse of the Irish. We do not study Justice ; we are blind to it. We value ourselves too much as a polished Nation, studying parochial *meum* and *tuum*, to the injury of the Poor ; driving them here and there, not encouraging industry, but forcing them from their peaceful fire-sides and families, after a long life of approved industry. Am I finding fault ? No ; I paint our nature, our civilized state ; the blindness of a BANKS, who cannot cry aloud and spare not, in the Senate, by telling us of our transgressions. I will attempt to be heard. I must spread Thy amazing gifts.

23d, Sunday Morning, Seven o'Clock.

LET me think on the bounty of Omnipotence to Man. But, how few receive or consider of what we possess ! Tho' we are placed on such a wondrous Heaven, full of myriads of delights, none of the Philosophers, as they stile themselves, so painted the scene ; nor did they plead the cause of the worthy Labourer, so as to obtain them a just share of those bounties. They might read the Psalms of DAVID, and attend Divine Service, to adore their
 Creator,

Creator, and Giver of the sweet bread of industry. Tho' it is an Heaven, this was not to be our resting-place, nor the scene of peace. *I came not to send Peace, but a Sword.* Bow, O Man, to the miraculous Author. I do; I see infinite perfection, most amazing beauties rising thro' this Sword—thro' our passions. We were given instructions to bow under them; to bear with all; to love all; to resign our life to the Author of life. We are told that the Tree of Knowledge produced evil; that the only true wisdom was Obedience, Humility, Purity, Justice, Mercy to each other. If a VOLTAIRE, BOLINGBROKE, &c. &c. would soar into incomprehensibles, without being humble and merciful, they could not impede the divine harmony. We are taught to hold His Name hallowed; but they prophane it by mentioning it, in their disquisitions, as they would the actions of a King. *Thy ways are not mine.* If we will not submit, humbly bow, after divine instruction and example, we may uselessly soar, and proudly look into the Cause of causes. Vain is our wisdom. We might receive the *summum bonum*, the every thing, thro' JESUS CHRIST. We may explore nature, receiving His Commandment, to love;

to feed the Poor. Spread it; promote it; give the Poor this knowledge.

One o'Clock.

WHAT a miraculous Being is Man! To declare the mysteries of JESUS CHRIST; His ascension; His coming again to judge the quick and dead: then go home and talk on dress, trifles; perhaps to quarrel and find fault. Such is our nature. O wondrous Man! be humble, be pure, forgive and obey: be this my care, my daily prayer. Look for the promised immortality, without finding fault. Adore in silence. Spread Christ's love by example, by publishing His wondrous mercy, without talking to Man, except simply declaring the Heaven we inhabit, and that there can be no evil in such an Heaven. The transporting scenes still go on in harmonious procession, from Age to Age, for our Children. The bending our stubborn wills, by pains, losses, and deaths, should not be stiled evils. The time may come, when it may be thought by our Children, Ages hence! a most unaccountable blindness, if not the most horrible baseness, to wallow in plenty, without common justice to our Brethren. So we live!

28th,

28th, Friday Morning, Nine o'Clock.

O OMNIPOTENCE ! with what pride and arrogance have we attempted to account for incomprehensibles ! to blaspheme Thy Name, tho' we were taught to hold it hallowed. If the wise or vain Philosophers will search for the Cause of causes, without faith in JESUS CHRIST, who certainly knew what would bless us here, they must be lost in labyrinths. Meekness, Humility, Purity, Simplicity, Mercy, are possessions and knowledge beyond the gifts to a NEWTON. Is it not strange ? (No, nothing is strange) that none of them fought for the labouring Poor ? Is this self-love, self-approbation ? I could not possess Christ's love with such a vain pride about my heart. I feel myself *in terra quies*, possessing Faith, Hope, and Charity ; adoring, obeying, and loving. Such blessings, such mercy have been given me. The Incomprehensible Power will purify the Tabernacle, so as never to be a self-approver, or a condemner of others. What is life ? Who would not resign it to the Giver ? What blasphemy has been uttered by self-approving Christians ! accounting for amazing mercies as chastisements. How blind we are ! what

self-lovers ! If the earth shook, and the whole face of this globe was changed ; earth to be sea, and sea earth ; mountains to be vales, and vales mountains ; the remaining inhabitants might adore more purely : nature would still be as beautiful ; nothing lost. An awful humble obedience can reconcile all.

30th, Sunday Morning, Eight o'Clock. See Thought on 22d Dec. 1782.

OF myself I can do or promise nothing. I may pray as Christ taught. I should watch. Not watch with him one hour ! We are weak. Can I hope for more grace and strength than His Disciples ? Be not too covetous. Submit to thy nature. But He desired us to watch and pray, lest we fall into temptation. He told us what are true blessings : we may seek them, without avarice. Humility, Meekness, Love, Mercy, can hurt no Man. O transcendent bounty ! incomprehensible blessings ! Yet the heart glows with serene joy at Thy love ; the charity of comforting others ; of bearing with all ; suffering, enduring all things for Thy sake, from a sense of gratitude for Thy love. O fill my soul with gratitude and obedience ! I will humbly ask and seek such blessings, resigning all.

One

One o'Clock, Tuesday Morning, 1st June.

WHAT a blessed night was last night, and this day ! How miraculously relieved from worse than the lion's den ! and as extraordinary. O happy evils ! melodious changes ! Man cannot hurt me. My soul is filled so full of joy, thro' faith, that tho' I know my past life to be full of sin and weak wisdom, I would not remove one of my sufferings ; nor could all the wisdom of Man have steered me to so happy a port. O Omnipotent Power ! I humbly bow, adore, and must sing eternal thanks. I must love all Thy creatures, and pour Thy balm into their bosoms. I will visit all Thy creatures ; look at the wondrous Author, without coveting more peace or riches than they possess. I will humbly view Thee in the Book of Nature. I will ! I can do or promise nothing ! but Thou mayest lead me to Thy Kingdom with a watchful obedience. Is not all divine harmony throughout ? There is no evil in existence. Our unjust desires tend to the harmony. Thro' wars, earthquakes, the blind wisdom of Parliament, &c. proceed peace, calms, and divers comforts.

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Our passions are the vehicles of the most fragrant incense. Gaols, fevers, &c. are delightful purgatives; lead us to relieve others; to love all. All is harmony. I thought so in a gaol. I there read of Thy wonders; saw Thy wonders.

Half past Eight, Wednesday Morning, June 2.

YESTERDAY was a grand jubilee. How all my family rejoiced! my daughter quite overcome with joy. O happy weaknesses! great ornament of the mind. How impious the wisdom to correct such feelings! But I forget the divine power over Man, so strongly exemplified at this season. Can Man soar so high as to think thereon? With humble awe he may, praying for grace and strength to obey, lest presumption should hurl him from so vast an height.

*I knew thee before I formed thee in the belly;
and before thou camest forth out of the
womb, I sanctified thee a Prophet unto the
Nations.*

The Creator of all still reigns and governs all. Believe and adore. Watch and pray. Resign all.

Nine

Nine o'Clock at Night.

O PRAISE the Lord, O my soul ! Thro' all the changing scenes of life I must enjoy this blessing, my soul is so convinced of the divine harmony issuing from every seeming evil. To obey, adore, and love, is perfect peace. Were you now taking an eternal leave of your Friend and Family, would you be so resigned ? Perhaps not ; the fine feelings of nature will appear, however strong our faith. But can I cease to love and obey ? I think not. He has opened my eyes. He has filled my soul with gratitude. Here His gift to Man is conspicuous, as all the wonders to creation. What a blessed state, to behold all harmony ! to find fault with no brother ! to be humble even in advice to my Children. O Father ! Thou hast greatly blessed me.

“ Of His deliv’rance I will boast,
 “ ’Till all that are distressed
 “ From my example comfort take,
 “ And charm their griefs to rest.”

And thro' every changing scene, in trouble or
 in joy, His praises shall my heart and tongue
 employ.

employ. Has He not placed us in an Heaven ? given us all manner of good things ? Love, and His holy spirit ? All has been given. O may my Soul wait on Him ! His hosts have encamped around me. He has convinced me there is no trust to be put in Man, nor in any Son of Man. His almighty arm alone defends me. He preserved me to adore him. O blest Man ! Sing eternal Hallelujahs. I will humbly enjoy Thy mighty gifts.

6th, Sunday Morning, Half past Eight.

BEING led to perfect peace on earth, I cannot be so unjust as to have one wish, one desire. I can frame none, but what would impede the divine harmony in this wondrous Heaven, where every blessing is bestowed on Man ; and to crown all, a promised Resurrection, and a Life Everlasting. O wondrous gifts to Man ! Think on them, O my soul.

Half past Seven Evening, 6th of June.

I WILL review this Heaven as a Man, deriving no aid from Holy Writ or Christianity. Can I possibly divest myself of such a glorious
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privilege, and place myself, for the moment, among Brethren who have not yet heard of those miraculous truths? It is scarcely possible. Why attempt such an aerial flight? To pour forth my gratitude for my enjoyments; for the gifts lent me; to expand my soul to love. O JESUS CHRIST! this is Thy gift! Every nation will taste thereof in due time. But I may humbly look at this Heaven; the plenty given to every sense and passion. How boundless, vast, and numberless they are! Eye, ear, or thought cannot comprehend them. From Woman to a flea; from an oak to a blade of grass; from the Torrid to the Frigid Zone; from Earth to Heaven; from Life to Death; how full of harmonious variety! What, hungry Brethren? Yes, this must be right; tho' wondrous strange, that in a Christian Country (a land of plenty, ripe in every knowledge but Justice, which is smothered in the false idea of British liberty) Many should die for want, and be an' hungry. O! *Thy Will be done.* Happy evils are strewed throughout. These form the harmonious structure. We must bewail our injustice. We must acknowledge our weakness, our pride, and sin; Thy
mercy

mercy and bounty to Man ; the glorious door of repentance. O Christian ! spread forth Christianity. Deal thy bread to the hungry ; satisfy the afflicted soul. There must be hunger and afflictions ; but the Lord will relieve them, and turn them into true joy. O bountiful Creator ! all has been given. Tho' length of days, riches, and honour, are Thy gifts (O the wisdom of obeying and watching Thee !), yet we should resign life and bread, and esteem them as little compared to Thy grace and love. How largely may those be imparted to the hungry ! Ants provide for ants. Man, with his boasted reason and philosophy, is the only unjust devouring Monster. O yes ! this is our true picture. We must acknowledge our sins. No punishments ought to be styled evils ; they produce good. We should love and pity each other. I find no fault. I accuse none ; nor judge or condemn any Brother.

Sunday, 13th June, One o'Clock.

HOW wonderful that I should have courted Man, and embarrassed my mind after 19th August, 1781 ! I am a very weak man, perhaps

haps a wicked man ! Submit to thy nature. Surely Man was never more blest ! I humbly bow. O Father ! *Thy Will be done.* In acknowledging my sins, I can the more humbly adore ; be more meek, pure, and merciful. May I wait with a watchful eye !

Half past Eight.

O IMMENSE POWER ! can I think of earthly things ? Yes ; I ought to be industrious for bread, without thought for to-morrow, or care. O how miraculously hast Thou fed me ! how preserved me to this day ! Can't I watch one year ? No, not one day, one hour ! Thou hast defended me. In 1781 I thought myself wholly Thine. I courted a *Tottenham* sinner, and was deservedly despised, even in 1784 ! yet miraculous mercy has been shewn me. I must humbly trust in Thee. O, when wilt you consider these truths, my Friend ? when resign trifles for immense treasures ? All in good time. Be silent, O my soul ; humbly hope ; have no will.

15th, Tuesday Morning, Nine o'Clock.

WATCH, O watch ! watch and pray, O my soul ; feed on divine love ; wait on the Author of love. O miraculous gift to Man ! Have I not tasted large draughts of it ? Be content, O my soul ! Humbly spread it, and look for the Divine Author in death ; in the New Birth. O lead me to Thy Kingdom, thro' the gates of Love, Obedience, and Mercy ! How omnipotent is Thy arm ! I may be so blest. In pain I may have a fixed eye on Thee and Thy Kingdom. Thy mercy is infinite. I may be relieved from Man, so as to have no impediment to Love and Obedience. Surely I cannot again court Men, or have any concern in their ambitious pursuits and wise projects. *O lead me not into temptation ! O deliver me from evil !* I will humbly pray, as Christ taught ; only believe in such power. I cannot but believe ; but I may cease to *think* thereon ! Watch then.

20th, Sunday, One o'Clock.

I MUST first cry out, " Was ever Mortal so blest ? " O yes, many ; thousands ; and glad I should

should be to communicate the just acknowledgment, that they might praise and pray with me, and feed on divine love. They who have much, shall have more. How this truth is daily verified in me ! Where the climax may end, I cannot say. Luxurious feasts increase daily. They will center with the Author of love, JESUS CHRIST, in His Kingdom. Yes ! *Thine is the Kingdom* ; the power to lead me there, and all the glory and praise is Thine. Amen. Amen. Thro' the gate of Death, I shall behold Thee. The scene of love, obedience, and adoration, will increase ever more and more, as on earth. This is the divine progress. *O Death ! [where is thy sting ? O Grave ! where is thy victory ?* Christ conquered both. He has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all. O surely ! all will believe in time. He came to save *all* ; to call sinners, not the righteous, to repentance. O great and wondrous Author of Man ! who can dare to find fault with Creation ? That a worm can be so presumptuous ! They do not think. *They know not what they do.* Thou wilt have mercy. This worm may humbly obey and watch Thy will. O how Thou hast watered and preserved this

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plant ! Let me humbly think on Thy power, without daring to soar too high. O Thou God (*Hallowed be Thy Name !*) of ABRAHAM, ISAAC, and JACOB ! of DAVID, JECHONIAS, and JESUS ! Is not this soaring too high ? Can murderous Man presume to think on incomprehensible wonders ? O yes ! Thou hast been so wondrous merciful. Christ opened the door ; pointed out the culture for our souls ; gave us a new Law ; a new Commandment of love. Pride and Avarice cannot consider of those truths. Humility, Meekness, Mercy, Purity, are the produce of blessings they must be a stranger to, 'till they can resign their pride, and stand astonished with never-ceasing gratitude at the plenty given, without coveting an atom more ; but distributing and seeking the good of others, endeavouring to make *all* true Christians. O blessed state ! O happy employment !

25th June, Twelve o'Clock.

Six Address, for Benefit of FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

O SURELY I am called to be humble and meek ! to have no intercourse with Man ; to put no trust in him ; to receive no benefit from

from him; to be all in all devoted to my heavenly Father, the Source of love, health, and bread! Why fear the approbation of Man? their taunts and sneers, or even infamy in their eyes? Can I suppress His light? I dare not be so unjust. I will humbly walk under His wing; spread His love, which surrounds me more and more. Avaunt, every fear. Be just, O my soul. Can a worm be just? We may attempt the pinnacle. Why soar to such luxurious happiness? Christ suffered here! prayed in agonizing sweats! Can I hope, can I be so unjust, such a vile self-lover, as to avoid evil? to suffer with my Brethren? O no! Thou wilt instil such justice into my soul as to be all obedience; watching Thy will; humbly receiving my just dues, coveting no pre-eminence over Man, or exemption from pain, losses, and all the happy evils of life; yet humbly praying as Christ taught. O Thou Purifier of the soul! let me humbly watch and wait upon Thee, in the midst of the luxurious enjoyment of Thy love. O Thou wilt bless me with obedience! I will put my whole trust in Thee. Amen. Amen.

28th, Monday, Eleven o'Clock, Night,
the Eve of St. Peter's Day.

O MIRACULOUS Creator and Preserver!
I will no longer delay to enjoy Thy bounty ; to
let Thy light to shine before Men ; to spread
Thy love far and wide ; to *feed the Poor*, and *keep
thy Sabbath*. (See *Address to the Worthy Labourer*,
with *Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer*, and *His Ser-
mon*, which I have published). O Lord, pre-
serve me humble, and solely devoted to Thee,
in the midst of such luxurious joy. May all
my praises and thanks center with Thee !

St. Peter's Day, 29th June, Eight o'Clock, Morning.

HOW apparent was Thy almighty power
as on this day ! How astonished must he have
been when he found himself safe out of the
City ! How wonderful that Christians do not
consider of such miracles ! Pride envelopes us
in darkness. Death will disrobe us, and open
the door to scenes innumerable. The life of
every individual would afford matter of asto-
nishment, if duly weighed ; but few, very few
are of any moment (tho' all of use) in the
great scale of the universe. It is true, I was
preserved

preserved on this day to love, adore, and explore Nature ; to defend the Poor ; to plead for them and the observance of the Sabbath. O how miraculously I have been led to such scenes ! Humbly wait upon, and obey the Incomprehensible *I AM*. Know that the divine influence is about thy path and bed ; that, in the words of DAVID, He will give His angels charge over me, and lead me to His Kingdom ; that he will bless me, and can lead me out of the thorny path of ambition and injustice, thro' Love, Meekness, Purity, Mercy ; as great a miracle as St. PETER experienced ; as great a truth ! Can I deny such a Father ? O Christ ! Thou permittedst me to stile Him thus. O what a gift ! *Hallowed be Thy Name.*

10th July, Sunday Morning, Half past Nine o'Clock.

O MIRACULOUS Creator of Man ! I have nothing further to do but to think of Thy power, Thy glory ; to wait for Thy Kingdom ; feeding on Thy divine love. O how Thou hast blest me !

One

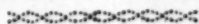
One o'Clock.

JUST hurried by my Boy's crying out for help, by being entangled in a tree, where he might have been hung, or had an arm or leg broken; but, O Mercy! we have not yet such a scene to go thro': he was held fast by his thigh, and easily released. The dear Boy may remember it. We should be daily prepared, by prayer and thought, for some evil or happy obstruction to our blind career after peace and happiness. We should look for Thy Kingdom; the blessed refuge of all. O bless me with a silent humble view of it! never *talking* to Man; yet loving all; comforting and relieving where I can. Thought on miracles can leave no vacant time. O how blest am I! What a picture of Man by POTTER! Is he alive? I will enquire. I would gladly communicate by Letter with such a feeling soul on Love. It is unaccountable that the Parliament did not instantly repeal the 9th of Geo. I.; but they never think of Christianity, except in the formal order of Church Service; never acting as Christ taught, or they would give the Labourer enough, and their Children knowledge. Look to Self. Humbly think on the
mira-

miraculous Power that prevented my being a thoughtless Senator. O surely ! it is a vast blessing to have tasted of Thy love ! to attempt to spread it with humility.

18th, Sunday, One o'Clock.

ON Christian Faith ! and how, I humbly think, it ought to operate on our actions. It must produce Love ; and Love, Gratitude. A sweet complacency, never finding fault with any Brother, or any view in creation ; yet humbly attempting to spread His love wherever distress calls. It preserves a serene good-humour, and a chearful acquiescence under every occurrence ; never sighing or repining, at least when health permits the view of this Heaven and His Kingdom. Such faith must be active, to spread such knowledge, and to feed every hungry soul and body.



16th Aug. 1784.

NO more need be added. It is scarcely possible to paint our Blindness and Injustice more truly ; a picture which should make me humbly wait in silence for another Kingdom, with Love for All.

H. J. H.

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 hungry soul and body.

NO more need be said. It is already
 before you our Bishops and spiritual men
 truly; a picture which should make the
 way in the world for a better Kingdom, with
 love for all.

L. J. H.  J. H. L.